FOR TWO MONTHS.

VOL. XVIII.-NO. 28.

# HIS FLEETING IDEAL;

## Romance of Baffled Hypnotism.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE GREAT SHOWMAN.

THE NOVELIST.

THE FAMOUS ENGLISH ACTRESS.

THE WELL-KNOWN REPORTER.

THE FAVORITE BOMANCER

with difficulty controlling a desire to grasp

"Thanks, you are very kind," ventured the maiden, wondering at his eagerness

He placed the silver goblet under the fau-

off and handed to her the cup.

'Couldn't you let it run over a little while?"

he asked, half impatiently, "The carpet

will absorb it. I have been looking for you

"Oh! certainly, if you wish," she interrupted, "But then, I am so thirsty, you

"And so am I," the man said wearily. "I was never so thirsty in my life."
"Then I advise you to take a drink," re-

torted the girl with a laugh, and she ab-

"It is not for water I am craving," mur-

mured the wretched man, but if she heard

He watched her move down the aisle and enter the drawing room at the other end of

the car. The reason of his inability to see

ner among the passengers was now evident. But how could her image be reflected in the mirror in front of him?

His eye caught a quick solution. The transom over the door of the drawing-room

was open. Some mirror on the inside reflected the images of the people to some

Hungry and dissatisfied he seated himself

again to contemplate the picture and

Now he recognized other people in the

Alarmed by the workings of his brain he

From his valise he took a palette his

paints and brushes and a small square of

canvas, with a heavy pasteboard back de-

He began sketching on his ideal. It was a

byous task, so much so that his whole soul

secame concentrated in the work, and the lines in which he drew the lovely face rap-

idly grew into a fac-simile of life.

Of course the best he could do during the

emainder of the day was to prepare studies

Still, he lingered long and lovingly on the

face of his ideal until the study, under the

ntensity of his love and longing, became

The day gradually lengthened until he

recognized that he must turn his attention

They might get off at some destination

north of New York. He must hasten.
With feverish anxiety, intensified by the

thought of her possible escape from him, he

put away the paints and took to his pencil.

By nightfall he had sketched the group so that all its characters might be recognized

Mr. Henshall concluded that in the din-

ing car at dinner he should have the pleas-

ure of sitting at the table next to the group.

To his utter disappointment dinner was

into some suggestion for his relief. He returned to his section and called the con-

ductor, having evolved no other scheme.

to a party of four. However, I know that their destination is New York, and that they

have transfer tickets either for some steamer

or railroad. In case of the latter they

should be bound southward; if abroad, their

"Find out for me where they are going

"Very well, sir." But that was the last he

When darkness set in the brilliant electric

The girl took a violin and tuned it to

If she was exquisitely beautiful to him be-

In the mystic spell of that entrancing

He had listened to Ole Bull in times past

to Sembrich and even to Christine Nilsson

music of the maiden for whom he was hun-

gering seemed to pale the efforts of those

The very motion of the car was in har-

was mirrored in her eyes.

course is but a wild conjecture."

and I will pay you \$10."

saw of the conductor.

to the others of the group or miss them by

for more finished paintings later.

not a had picture.

signed for use in the absence of an easel.

suddenly resolved to paint the group as they

ruptly turned and left him.

him she gave no sign of it.

one over his head.

future existence.

cheme to get acquainted.

P. T. BARNUM,

NELL NELSON.

W. H. BALLOU,

and intensity of gaze.

so long. I-"

ALAN DALE,

MARY EASTLAKE,

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD. THE COMIC OPERA QUEEN.

THE POPULAR HUMORIST. INSPECTOR BYRNES, THE CELEBRATED DETECTIVE. HOWE & HUMMEL, NEW YORK'S NOTED CRIMINAL LAWYERS.

MAJ. ALFRED CALHOUN, THE STORY TELLER

CHAPTER I. FOUND AND LOST.

By W. H. Ballou. "Happy I may not call thee until I learn that thy life has been happily ended. Thus soliloquized young Henry Henshall as he reclined, day dreaming, against the cushions of his seat in the forward section

The New York Central train was speeding him on and on, to which fact he was utterly

He had secured the forward section to escape observation. He sat with his back to the passengers. Himself was companionship enough. He desired only to think and

He had but a few days since put Columbia College, so to speak, among his stock of reminiscences, with her highest honors in He had mentally given over his father's

great manufacturing interests, which invited him to take immediate possession and give the aged sire his desired retirement to the devil and the deep blue sea.

He loved his ideal best, his art next, the devil take what was hindmost. The ideal was now his quest; art he could achieve between times. It was of her he dreamed, his

As he sat there, gazing at the end of the car, deep in the contemplation of this yet unseen, but ever clearly outlined celestial ideal girl, with all the glamour of youth, the words of the great Solon to the envious Crasus would thrust themselves between his thoughts and seize him like some grim spectre: "Happy I may not call thee until learn that thy life has been happily

Why need what old Solon or any one else ever said concern me?" he mused.
"What difference does it make what people
There was an old man with a sober, dis "What difference does it make what people say or who says it?" A fact is a fact and a satisfied face who looked as if he might be

triffes which made Darwin immortal. He continued to muse:

As an artist, my preferences run to bis contemplation was to be realized in his browns. They are my favorite colors, because to me they are most beautiful, most quiet, most sincere and the least suggestive of either gaudiness or gloom. My ideal, un- appeared in the mirror. seen, unknown love is a symphony in browns-brown hair, brown eyes and a com- the effect of the scene in the mirror, but it plexion tinted brown rather than white or only dulled out the picture and he drew it

to be superbly perfect in form. Her little head is beautifully rounded and symmetrical.likewise her dimpled arm and her sweet little hands. Her little feet are enrased in child's boots, not larger than a child's num-

ber 12. She is—"
He paused abruptly, startled, for he saw her. His eve had been wandering among the gorgeous tapestries of the car, the beautifully wrought woodwork, the superb French plate-glass panes in the windows,

the oil-painted ceilings and the blue and gold woven velvets of the cushions.

At last it rested on a mirror in front and

the top towards him sufficiently to expose the entire car and all its occupants in dim image, dim because his curtain was drawn. darkening the light from the window at his He thought several times to change his

position to obviate the annoyance; but he unconsciously seemed deterred from so doing. He was being slowly fascinated by a shadow as yet undefined, but momentarily growing more startling. He stared through the dim light at the mirror until his eyes by the detectives whom he already pur-became accustomed to the shadows above, posed putting on the case if he should miss and the picture among the other images

What he saw, that which wound round and round him silken threads of fascination, might have been reflected through a dozen mirrors from side to side and from

end to end of the car.
Suddenly he turned and attempted to discover the original among the passengers. Failing in this, he again sought the mirror, giving himself entirely to the study of one

What he saw was the head and bust of young girl. It so exactly conformed to the ideal of which he had dreamed so long that tion?" he queried anxiously.

"I do not know their names." replied the "long the room was merely marked off What he saw was the head and bust of a

There was his dream face, surely; the symphony in browns; the brown hair, every thread as delicate as the dew-catching gauze of a spider; the large brown eyes, in which was the very soul of the loftlest conceivable intellect, the highest genius of music, perhaps; the complexion slightly tinted brown, but cut by the sweetest red lips; the evidently small stature and perfect form, the beautifully rounded and sym-

metrical head and dimpled arm.

He only lacked a glimpse of the feet to complete the spell of fascination, except of course, the realization of his absorbing desire-possession. He closed his eyes an instant to more completely imagine it all a suit her practiced little ear. Soon there dream. Again he looked to revel in the began to float through the car the ravishing picture, but madness! it was gone. arias of Chopin, Schumann and other

Startled, the young man turned in dismay, masters. when, to his almost uncontrollable joy, the girl in all her ideal beauty slowly approached him in the aisle. His quick, arproached him in the aisle. His quick, ar-tistic eye encompassed her form in a glance, the beautiful brown eyes vindicated his completing the picture. She had exquisite sense of the artistic and his love of their feet, encased in little boots not larger than | color.

The girl besitated, looking at him shyly, as if in doubt whether to proceed. Why, he could not for an instant imagine, but he finish and grace into her very soul, which afterwards attributed it to the fact that he actually devoured her, so far as one can deyour a girl with the eyes. Her hesitation was but momentary, then she approached a was but momentary, then she approached a small silver water tank in the corner of the charm her friends, but, in love as he was, the

lobby near him. He was on his feet in an instant. He sprang to the tank, his tall form bending great artists. until his eyes were on a level with hers, and he gazed at her with that eagerness and intensity with which a starved nomad might

to hers as he could, without disturbing

daylight before he awoke to violently spring

to the floor and dress himself. The car was standing in the yards of the Grand Central depot. The berths were all made up, and the open doors of the drawing-room showed that his bird had flown. He sought the porter in a rage.

"Where have they gone—the people in the drawing-room?" he almost shouted.

his brain; he was stunned.

let her escape.

uggested the girl, with an amused smile.

The man awoke confusedly, turned the

Sont to Entertain Them.

The President of the United States and European Court Etiquette.

The President of the United States and European Court Etiquette.

The President of the United States and European Court Etiquette.

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The President of the United States and European Court Etiquette.

The President of the United States would perhaps be a competent person to answer as to the relative ranks of chief magnitudes. The younger, Mekemet Ali, its a misother to younger, which could not younger to younger to younger to younger to younger, which could not younger to younge to younger to younger to younge to younger to younge to younge to younge to younge to yo mirror on the outside and thence into the "What difference does it make what people say or who says it?" A fact is a fact and a theory is a theory. One man's theory is as good for his own purposes as another's fleory. The fact in my case is that I am satisfied to I aint notwithstanding dad's wrath and the business he would thrust on inc. Let dad earn the money, or who will I desire only to spend it. "Yo much for the fact. My theory is, and I refer it to Solon's that to marry my ideal will be the acme of happiness and will insure "a happy ending to my life will be miserable and will end unhappity."

The voung man failed to see that he had exactly conformed his theory to Solon's, that he had expressed the same theory precisely with variations in form only. Youth is deluded and ignores resemblances, those trifies which made Darwin immortal. He confined the miser and provided to my see.

There was an old man with a sober, discovering the might be added as if he might be addisple of Henry George deep in contemplation of land theories; a woman with a just then unreadable countenance, who might be the ideal's instructess in music or other studies, or her governess, perhaps; lastly, the face of a younger man, say of thirty-five years, that bore in it cunning, malice, suavity and other characteristics which denoted a shrewd schemer and perhaps a villainous nature.

Was she travelling in security with an aged, absorbed parent and trusted friends, or was her father, if such he be, oblivious to the machinations of a villain, who had an accomplice in the supposed governess?

He resolved to probe this mystery to the bottom if he had to travel around the earth to do it, if he had to employ detectives, had to flaguander his whole fortune.

The voluge man failed to see that he had exactly conformed his theory to Solon's, that the republics of Europe over swept away by the results of the republics of Europe vere swept avay of thirty-five years, that bore in it cunning, malice, suavity and other characteristics which the results of the republics of Europe vere swept away to squander his whole fortune.

Poor man, he little knew how much of because it was not possible; but the President and executive have a stronger prerogative than is possessed by Queen Victoria.

When the rules of court etiquette were drawn up there were no republics to speak drawn up there were no republics to speak of, or, if there were any, they were quite ignored by the mighty potentates of the day; and so I think no place was assigned to the chiefs of such states by those who indied these rules. But since the days of the Stuarts in England and those of Louis XIV, in France the state of things in this respect has been considerably altered, and it would seem rather strange to see the President of the United States of America, the President of the Swiss confederation and the President of He raised the curtain near him to increase

> PERUVIAN GOLD MINES. The Early Spanish Invaders Took Millions Out of Them.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]
The gold deposits of Peru are historical. The enormous quantities of metal found in the capital of the Incas by the Spanjards were drawn principally from the province of Pancartambo, but old workings are found n many parts of the country, and the gold s very widely distributed. The entire subsoil of Peru presents an almost unbroken network of auriferous lodes. The obstacles o working the deposits are in some parts lmost insuperable—want of water, inaccessible peaks, severe climate, and lastly, total absence of internal communication.

It is to be hoped though, that within a few years a peaceful government may bring about the commencement of an era of mining prosperity for this country. The department of Areguipa is considered one of the richest in the country, more especially the province of Union. A number of the mines have produced enormous quantities of metal, but bad engineering and other causes have led to their abandonment. The monte-claros mines, for instance, were worked during last century with great profit; but in 1783 a landslip, occasioned by an earthquake, caused the main shaft to fall in. Atsubsequent periods attempts were made to clear the debris but with no success. Recently a national company was started with the help of English capital, and it is understood that with improved machinery great results may be anticipated. A great deal of information as to these and the other gold fields of Peru is contained in a report just received from Lima, and published as a foreign office paper. cessible peaks, severe climate, and, lastly, served to the party in the seclusion of the drawing-room.

He entered the dining car on the last call and resorted to stimulants to urge his brain

[Mona Caird in July North American Review.] Few seem yet to have realized what the dependence of women would really mean, and how absolutely our present forms and ideas of marriage hang upon their subject condition. Those who have opposed the smallest relaxation of the old laws, who have resisted the education and progress of women, were from their own point of view eminently wise; for upon the old condition of tutelage hung many a cherished belief, many a "sacred institution." It has been easy hitherto to maintain stringent easy hitherto to maintain stringent forms of marriage, because the real brunt of it has been borne by women, while men have been comparatively free. Is it conceivable that when there are in good sooth, really two to the marriage bargain, one of the parties to it will consent to to fetter herself with bonds which the other repudiates? The 'contract' can no longer remain unequal, and it remains to be seen how tight and irrevocable men will be willing to make the bond which they, too, must literally carry out. All men who are eloquent about the 'sacred institution' will know that it rests upon them to sustain the sacredness which they will then, berhaps, less glibly talk about. They can no longer depute that office to their wives, together with the children and the cares of house-keeping. The "sacredness" which depends on restraints and punishments for its existence can then be fairly considered on its merits. fore, what could describe her when pouring

[Brooklyn Life.]
Apronstrings-After all, Henpeck, what a world of meaning in those sad, sad words: 'It might have been." Henpeck-Say, Apronstrongs, did you ever

go home at 2 o'clock in the morning and find your wife waiting for you? mony with her time. Passengers threw away their novels and listened. The old man in their moves and issence. The old man in the drawing-room closed his eyes as in the drawing-room closed his eyes as in rapturous sleep. The villainous-looking man, as if fascinated, thrust his face as near with "Where have you been."

The laughter of a little child is more decious music, to my ears, than the sweetest

singer I ever heard. It has been my good fortune in this busy work-a-day world to hear more laughter than sobs. I have entertained thousands of "Don't know, sah. Don't know nothin' little ones in my roamings in this and other countries. and some of the most delightful pleased."

Mr. Henshall sat down a moment to clear world, I have entertained little princes hoping for an accident, a crash, a tire, any- foundling asylums and houses of correcthing that he might spring to her rescue, Nothing of the kind had happened. In-

the placed the silver gollet under the laucet, letting the liquid coze out as slowly as
possible while he continued his gaze like
cone in a dream of delight.

The water is overflowing the gollet."

It was now 10 o'clock. Six hours had
the pleasure to entertain, none are better
known than the Prince of Wales' children.
There are three daughters, Princesses
The water is overflowing the gollet."

South, or worse, perhaps to their home in
Louise, Victoria and Mand. The two sons
When at the head of the stairs a voice in

Rev. Dr. Rephard S. Storrs. the vast city of New York, where one indi-vidual is a mere drop in the ocean. a grain the vertical state of the reporter in. of sand in the Sahara, a moth on a great sequela of California.

The man arose and sought the quarters of the cabmen. They could tell him nothing. No one had taken a party of four. They might have taken a party of four. They might have taken a street car er carriage of their own or walked to some pear hotel. or worse, taken the elevated railway direct to the dock of some morning salling steamer.

There was absolutely no hope. In despair the man wandered away, violently clutching his painted portraits, the only possible clue in the case.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEER BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, THE FOET OF PASSION.]

RULES OF THE EARTH.

Of Teck. Of all the princesses the frincess Louise of Teck is considered the most beautiful. These young ladies now range from about 14 to 18 years of axe. The most in teresting princes that I have met were the Princes Abbas and Mehemet Ali, sons of H. R. H. the Khedive of Egypt. These young men were educated in Switzerland. Their ages are 13 and 14 respectively. They came to London two years ago while I was there. They were the Prince of Wales' guests, and at his request I was

Sent to Entertain Them.

They speak English very well, also French.

They speak English very well, also French.

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They speak English very well, also French. of sand in the Sahara, a moth on a great of Teck, daughter of the Duke and Duchess sequence of California.

ollowing him was his brother and then At the table there is a regular form to be gone through at all times. The prince stands at the back of his chair, and when every one is in the same position he takes his seat. Every one follows sut. The waiters pass the prince an article of food inst. After he is served the guests are served, but no one partakes of food until the prince has begun to eat. This is done at every course, but it is to be particularly observed that your food must last as long as the prince's, no matter how dilatory he may be. I remember on one occasion I was eating asparagus, and had not quite finished. I was delaying the meal. The prince had nearly finished. I observed him looking at me, but he very cleverly nibbled at some bread and finished just as I did. After the meal is over the yrince rises and all go out in the order they came in.

Many people think that they would like to live as the children of the Prince of Wales and other royal families do, But I may state that their lives are far from pleasant. They are brought up to always follow their elder or senior brother or sister, always giving them their position and title, and it seems to come seems to come

Second Nature to Them. I said to Prince Abbas: "Does it not strike you as rather queer to see these, fellows constantly bowing wherever you go, treating you like some holy personage?" He said "Yes," and said that of all the subjects of the Khedive, he could pick out those who the Khedive, he could pick out those who were really faithful to him, and those who did it only because they were obliged to. The instructor told me that these princes were great favorites with all of their subjects. He also spoke of the fact that a great many people thought the hife of a prince so pleasant. He said it was not as pleasant as imagined, from the fact that princes were obliged to do things that one who is not a prince cannot see in the doings of royalty. He is constantly on dress parade, and is at times doing even harder work than a day laborer. And another thing. A prince has to remember all different degrees of nobility. If he should refuse to bow to any member of the royal family, as the Prince of Wales refused to bow to the Duke of Marlborough recently, the little episode will be published all over the world.

world.

The Prince of Wales once told me that he has always to be ready, and as quick as he sees a person to know at once all about his past career.

The day when I took dinner with the young princes they had been out to see Queen Victoria. They had just returned from Windsor Castle, and I asked them if they had a pleasant time. They spoke of the Queen as a very nice lady. They asked me. if I should ever go to Egypt, to be sure and visit the palace. I said: "Will it not te hard for me to see you?" the hard for me to see you?"

They said if I would send my name to them I would get in very easily. The instructor told me that was as much as a command. The day they left, to show their kindness, they sent me a beautiful cane

with an inscription on it.

The Prince of Wales' children, when out riding or driving, are always attended by some lady in waiting or by some gentleman in office a member of the prince's household. When they go out they do not bow with the haughty air we expect of them, but how as if they felt grateful for any attention. The Prince of Wales is very careful about his daughters attending any place of amusement, and the character of the person entertaint them.

in office a member of the prince's household. When they go out they do not bow with the haughty air we expect of them, but bow as if they felt grateful for any attention. The trince of Wales is very careful about his daughters attending any place of amusement, and the character of the person entertaining them. He invariably goes himment or play and then allows his daughters to go or not, as he pleases. In the case of the Queen's going to see the Wild West was that the young princesses having been allowed to go, were so enthusiastic over the entertainment, and also the Princess of Wales, that they persuaded her that she should see it, and that caused her visit, which was the making of Buffalo Bill's fame to a certain extent.

The royal children I have seem, and have had the pleasure to talk to, I found pleasant in their manner at all times. They seem to be like other children, happy and loving, but they are always truthful, having been taught it from childhood.

I remember, when I appeared before the Princes of Wales, at the house of Lady Paget in London, the Prince of Wales placed me in front of the princess, so she could liear me. She is quite deaf. All of my entertainments that I give, or, at least, a great deal of them, depend upon my foldal expression, and, having my back to the rest of the audience.

In addition to these children of kings and queens, whom I have smiled with, I recall

very pleasantly other little enes, not of royal lineage, who have listened with con-siderable attention to my stories. For not the player, and his looks showed passion, longing and a malicious intent which maddened Henshall.

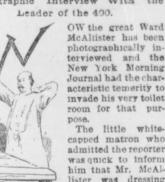
As suddenly as the music commenced it ceased. The girl arose and put away her violit softly and with a caress. Evidently sire was tired and wished to seek her couch. Had the young man heard what was said within his anxiety would have been increased to a fever heat, but he had not that privilege, much to his later disadvantage.

Soon the lights within the drawing-room went out: the group had retired.

Soon the lights within the drawing-room went out: the group had retired.

Long in contemplation the young man sat, At last, merely to relieve the porter, all the remaining passengers being in bed, he betook to his couch. It was hours before his tired brain would rest and it was broad daylight before he awoke to violently spring to the force and the pound rest and it was broad daylight before he awoke to violently spring to the force and the pound rest and it was broad daylight before he awoke to violently spring to the force and the pound rest and it was broad daylight before he awoke to violently spring to the force and the pound rest and it was broad daylight before he awoke to violently spring to the force and the pound rest and it was broad daylight before he awoke to violently spring to the force and the pound rest and it was broad daylight before he awoke to violently spring to the force and the pound rest and it was broad daylight before he awoke to violently spring to the force and the pound rest and it was broad daylight before he awoke to violently spring to the force and the pound rest and it was broad daylight before he awoke to violently spring to the force and the pound rest and the poun

WARD MCALLISTER DRESSING.



Journal had the characteristic temerity to invade his very toilet room for that pur- churchmen. The little white stance, below: capped matron who admitted the reporter

for a drive.

There stood Ward McAllister en neglige.

Mr. McAllister stopped to take a look at

He was rapidly approaching the unal garments, which were on his bed, neatly laid out and without a spot or even the sign of a bit of dust.

"I desire to prove that the basis of American society is not purely of wealth.

"You are probably aware that the families who have more recently acquired wealth are constantly knocking for admission into society. They find a hard taskmaster within. I prove that society has as its basis culture and the social acquirements which the wealth of several generations would easily and naturally develop.

"Our social leaders are not the Crossuses of today who come of the present, but they are from the refined ranks of the long-time wealthy."

The coat, a neat black cutaway, had been thrown over the low-out, dotted blue silk vest, and Ward McAllister stood before the reporter ready for his drive.

"You say that the book is really a volume of memors. Do you revert to your antecedents?"

"Only incidentally. My father, as you

"Only incidentally. My father, as you know, was Judge McAllister of the Federal Supreme Court of Cal-

Sitting at his wife's writing table, pen in hand, ready to write, he concluded what he had intended to say concerning his anteam a Georgian.

"New York Society and How I Found

WAS MADE TIRED HIMSELF.

A Sage who was Noted for his Wisdom reeived a Visit one day from a Man who said: 'Oh, Sage, but I have a very Bad Neighor on my left hand, and I have to ask what

"But he has none." "Kill his cat." "He keeps no Feline." \*. "Poison his Dog."
"But his Dog died weeks ago, and he Re-

[Copyright by Geoffrey Williston Christine.] Dancing, doubtless, will have numerous devotees during the summer season at mountain and shore resorts, as well as at McAllister has been the numerous picnics at home. With this idea in view a reigning society

photographically interviewed and the New York Morning With this idea in view a reigning society belle, who has recently "experienced a change of heart." addressed a letter of interviewed the change of heart." quiry to prominent clergymen of different denominations for the purpose of ascertaining in what light dancing is regarded by The replies received are given, in sub-

Archbishhp Corrigan.

"I have received your letter and have was quick to inform him that Mr. McAl- how far a Christian may indulge in any lister was dressing form of worldly amusement is one meriting the most serious consideration. There can

> Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs. "I have never been able to lay down any 'hard and fast' rule about dencing. There is no specific precept against it in the hristian Scriptures, and I know excellent and earnest young Christian people of oth sexes to whom it seems as natural as ong, and, in certain forms of it, as harm-

less.

"Of course, I have no experience in the matter myself, and have, therefore, no personal testimony to give.

"But the general princple is certainly a sound one, thac we are to try in all our life to honor Christ and to keep our minds and hearts close to this. Whatever we do, and whatever we refuse to do, after seeking in earnest prayer the illumination of His spirit is likely to be according to His mind.

"But we should never, under any circumstances whatever, ask ourselves. How far may I go in indulgence, in amusements, and still remain a Christian?" 'How much, not how little, in the way of personal service and self-demal, can I render to the Lord?' is the question which should constantly be present in the mind of the true Christian disciple."

Evev. Dr. R. Heber Newton.

"I cannot answer your question unless I know (1) what sort of dancing? (2) with whom? (3) where, at home or in public? (4) at what hours? (5) how long at a time? (6) with what dress or toilet? (7) what refreshments? (8) at what money cost? (9) how do you feel or find yourself the next day, recreated and fresh, or a little wan and listless? "All amusements should recreate—recreate us, not dissipate. Not many young people care to think over eight or 10 points before they decide to have a good time. To such I service, swear them into the army of the lever fixed perpendicularly to a part of its lever of that part is a such as a lever fixed perpendicularly to a part of its lever of the decide to have a good time. To such I service, they decide to have a good time. To such I service, they decide to have a good time. To such I service, they decide to have a good time. To such I service, the such as the and of that laver is the such as a lever fixed perpendicularly to a part of its laver is the such as a lever fixed perpendicularly to a part of that laver is the such as a lever fixed perpendicularly to a part of the laver is the such as a lever fixed perpendicularly to a part of the laver is a small that an an editorial column, showing me that I an an editorial column, showing me that I an an editorial column, showing me that I an editorial column, showing me that I an editorial column, showing me that I an an editorial column, showing me that I and editorial column, showing me that I and editorial column, showing me that I and editorial column. Showing me that I and editorial column, showing me that I and editorial column. Showing me that I and editorial column. Showing me that I and editorial columns should meaned myself or opporately accepting that pass, I hardly have a small edemaned myself or opporately accepting that pass, I hardly have a small editorial columns. The such as a small editorial colum for years we might say there was no such "I CAN'T STAND THE thing as society in this OCEAN."

OUTSELVES ON what we have accomplished. We own it to our American genius, our with what foress or toilet? (7) what refreshwith the wholes with what dress or toilet? (7) what refresh with what dress or toilet? (7) what refreshwith the wholes with what dress or toilet?

"All amusements should recreate—recreate us, not dissipate. Not many young people care to think over eight or 10 points before they decide to have a good time. To such I say (1), honor your father and mother; do cheerfully what they counsel; don't tease or argue; do as they say, and you'll never be sorry for it; (2) consult your chosen pastor, and when you ask counsel accept it.

"Read several times Faul's 10th chapter, I. Corinthians, 23d verse; "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient. All things are lawful for me, but all things edify not."

"Read also Romans, 14th chapter, 1st to 10th verses, both inclusive.
"Dancing? I try to answer your question in the same temper that Paul illustrates when writing to Roman and Corinthian Christians." In considering this core previouslesses.

when writing to Roman and Corinthian Christians.

"In considering this or any similar question we should constantly bear in mind Paul's words: 'For one believeth that he may eat all thisms: another who is weak eateth herbs. Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not, and let not him which eateth not judge him that eateth, for God hath received him.'"

Hev. C. A. Barte'. "To my mind there is in simple dancing cise. Of course, it may be made highly reprehensible by improper or evil accompaniimproper modes of dress and unseemly kinds of motion. The question is, how and where and when and with whom and to what extent one should dance."

Right Rev. John H. Vincent. "You ask me if it is wrong or inconsist ent for a Christian to dance. Let me quote o you what some wise and good people have said of dancing. "The great, lion-face dorator, Daniel Web-

ster when asked why he did not dance, replied, 'I have not brains enough.' "Thackeray, the great novelist, has writ-

"Thackeray, the great novelist, has written, 'When a man confesses himself fond of dancing I set him down as a fool.'"
Horace Bushnell speaks of certain forms of dance as "contrived possibilities of license which belong to high society only when it runs low."
Arthur Cleveland Coxe, Episcopal bishop of Western New York, has said officially to the clergy and city of his diocese: "The gross, debasing waltz would not be tolerated for another year if Christian mothers in our communion would only set their faces against it and remove our daughters from its contaminations, and their sons from that contempt of womanhood and womanly modesty which it begets. Alas! that women professing to follow Christ and Godliness should not rally for the honor of their sex and drive these shameless dances from society."
Gail Hamilton has written: "The thing

Cuestion Answered in Vigorous Style

Sy Archbishep Cerrigan, Bishep Vincent,
Br. Heber Newton and Others

In Reply to a Letter from a Reigning

Society Belle,

the rattle, but the danger is in the fang and the poison. The dance cannot be considered abstractly. It is ausage of society. Its associations and tendencies must come into the count. And one must not discriminate too critically nor carry his experiments too far where there lurks a real danger. The rattle may please a child; but, grasping the rattle, he may receive a deadly sting. Now, in the dance there must be at some point a peril, or, so many wise and good people would not have written, taught and preached against it.

It has been said, "To the pure all things are pure." but alsa! who are the pure, and how many such are there?

Let those dance who will, the humble, earnest consistent Christian who desires to consecrate his or her every word and act to Christ, will deem it wrong and inconsistent to dance.

JENNESS-MILLER'S RACING NOTE.



into the Pennsylvania railroad as late as 1872, having been brought there from Indianapolis.

I called to his attention a slight incident in my own life, when, in 1857, at the age of 16, while yet at school. I was supervising a little monthly publication containing essays, chiefly of the schoolboy pattern. My summer holiday came on and I much desired to go out into the State of Pennsylvania and see the mountains, which, to me, were almost unknown things.

Mary S. McCobb in Harper's Young People.]
This "sermonette" is especially for you, dear girls. The advice could be put in three words—Don't do it. Possibly there might come an occasion—say once in a life-time—when a good round bit of the genuine article "slans" would prove funns. But to the Pennsylvania railroad as late as 1872, having been brought there from Indianapolis.

I called to his attention a slight in middianapolis.

I called to his attention a slight incident in my own life, when e had how the age of 16, while yet at school. I was supervising a little monthly publication containing essays, chiefly of the Schoolboy pattern. My summer holiday came on and I much desired to go out into the State of Pennsylvania and see the mountains, which, to me, were almost unknown things.

Soms one suggested that perhaps the Pennsylvania railroad would give me a pass to the mountains, especially as a young friend had invited me to a pedestrian excursion and between us we could only muster about \$15 for a two weeks" tramp. If therefore with my heart in my mouth went to the Pennsylvania railroad would give me a pass to the mountains, especially as a young friend had invited me to a pedestrian excursion and between us we could only muster about \$15 for a two weeks" tramp. If therefore with my heart in my mouth went to the Pennsylvania railroad offices and accosted the dreadful J. Edgar Thompson, its president, somewhat in the nature of Oliver Twist when at the parish poor-house he stuck out his plate and asked for more porridge.

Thus you for the genuine in the penuine

The principle is this: If a sheet of hammer-hardened steel, thoroughly plain, whose borders are caught within a frame, has a lever fixed perpendicularly to a part of its surface: if, besides, the end of that lever is moved, then set free, as a result there will be a vibration conveyed to the steel sheet.

The sound so obtained is a sharp smack produced by the sheet in striking the air. The pitch of the sound obtained by that means is in proportion to the size and thickness of the metallic sheets employed.

In this new alarm watch we see, first, a hammer-hardened steel sheet caught in a circular frame or drum: second, a lever riveted on it; and, third, a dented wheel acting on the lever.

When the wheel moves each one of its teeth causes the sheet to vibrate, so that to obtain a maximum of sound or noise it is sufficient to well regulate the quickness of that wheel.

The alarm sufficiently reproduces the

hat wheel.

The alarm sufficiently reproduces the grasshopper's shrill singing to justify its maker in calling it "la cigale," and in aving that insect chased in large size on the case.

Bringing Marriage Up to Date. Mona Caird in July North American Review.] To bring the institution of marriage up to no inherent wrong. It seems to me that it date is among the next great tasks of pro-is but a natural, wholesome, friendly exerbehind that this proposal sounds like a proposal to break up society altogether. So much the worse for society. Politically we have had to learn the difficult lesson of liberty; to recognize the enormous importance to the state of the sontaniety of each individual, and the uselessness of the most perfect state machinery, without citizens who are free to make blunders if they will, and to serve their country with the intelligence and the public spirit which are the outcome of fredom. Politically, we have learned our lesson well: so well that we are disposed to think that the principle of liberty forbids us to reconsider or alter our industrial system, because the change would interfere with certain rights order, and, therefore, strictly conditional upon it—an idea showing a strange confusion of thought. But we have not learned to apply this wholesome and bracing principle to social, and still less to family, life. As soon as we do apply it boldly, unswervingly the present marriage system stands arraigned, offending, as it does, against every principle of liberty and equality, against the strength and vitality of the State, which lives or languishes as its vidual, against the strength and vitality of the State, which lives or languishes as it individuals grow or decline in the qualities of independence, original power, and vigor of character.

[Emma Moffett Tyng in Harper's Bazar,]
Exercise, with both men and women, is professing to follow Christ and Godliness should not raily for the honor of their sex and dree these shameless dances from Gall Hamilton has written: "The thing in litself is, of its very nature, unclean and cannot be washed. The very bose of the parties suggests impurity." It is not be made the parties suggests impurity. The thing in litself is, of its very nature, unclean and cannot be washed. The very bose of the parties suggests impurity. The thing in litself is, of its very nature, unclean and cannot be washed. The very bose of the parties suggests impurity. The thing is the subject has for women occurring the subject has for women occurring to every feeling of clearly the subject has for women occurring to every feeling of clear the subject has for women occurring the feeling of the country there are the natural morning and only one are volutions as that with the precases danger to millions. It has the winth the precases danger to millions at that with the precases of the set of the subject has a subject has any true man or true woman would enage in a pastime of which such that the massic and motion areas intoxicating.

It is upon the plea that dancing comes under this head that many excuse their independent of the subject has been its greatest injury as a resort. Visitors of the subject has for women even the city into women of the passions of these participating in the round and and quality. The relations of the subject has for women even the city into women of the last will come and the city into women of the passions of the certain of the city into women of the last will come and the city into women of the passions of the certain of the city into women of the passions of the certain of the city into women of the passions of the certain of the city into women of the passions of the certain of the city into women of the passions of the certain of the city into women of the passions of the certain of question of intelligence—a consideration of kind and quality, rather than of degree.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TOWNSEND'S LETTER. Humble Petition for a Free

Hew He First Visited the Pennsylvania

Pass.

Mountains. Baby McKee's Handsome Ma in the Mazy at Cape May.

CAPE MAY, July 5.-No concern in the world, not even a great government like the United States or Great Britain, can give an entertainment with more taste, simp

ity and wholeness than the Pennsylvania railroad. But yesterday I went upon an excursion of Pennsylvania railroad men. which carried 300 persons, all connected with the newspaper press, between Washington, Paltimore and Philadelphia, and they were taken to the largest hotel at Cape May, all their wants provided for for mearly three days and two of the officers of the road went with them and personally supervised their

It fell to my lot to be called upon for some remarks at the only time when an informal toating took place. Mr. Boyd, before me, who had charge of this party, and is a great favorite with the press men, had come into the Pennsylvania railroad as late as 1872, having been brought there from Indianacolis.

reom, and there sat another man, doing hard desk work, with hardly any clerks to

and self-denial, can I render to the Lordy is the question which should constantly be present in the mind of the true Christian disciple."

Ev. Dr. R. Heber Newton.

The response to your letter, which I have just received. I would say, that in all such matters it seems to me the counsel of the apostle must be the judging matter—To him that thinketh it is sin, it is sin. One must a neighbor, how quickly a former own conscientions convictions, each for himself or herself.

"My own judgment in the matter is very clear. To me, there is nothing sinful in darching in stelf.

"The whole question must hinge upon tree over oncoled life." There is nothing sinful in darching in stelf.

"The whole question must hinge upon tree or social life. There is no a musument or social life. There is no a musument or social life. There is no a musument or social life, but there can not be the slightest doubt that there is much harm in reading many novels. There is nothing wrome in the theatre in itself, and yet hosts of plays are demoralizing.

"So with regard to dancing. Draw the lime at the proper society, and under proper conditions, and I for one the line should undonted yet a local proper society today. Personally I object to all forms of round dancing. I believe that a return to early and simple and more disguided forms of dancing and simple and more disguided forms of dancing and simple and more disguided forms of dancing and simple and more disguided forms of dancing? (2) with the social manner. The more and there is anothing and it for one clearly the social life. The social life of the social life of the social life. The social life of the social life. The social life of the social life of the social life. The social life of the social life. The social life of the social life. The social life of the social life of the social life. The social life of the social life of the social life. The social life of the social life of the social life. The social life of the social life of the social life of the social life. The social l

public enemy. Mrs. Mckee in the Mazy. A considerable of the persons upon that trip, though connected with the press, had never seen the ocean at all, and this is not

trip, though connected with the press, had never seen the ocean at all, and this is not an uncommon condition among senators and congressmen at Washington, none of whom however, were upon this trip.

No persons outside of the profession were taken to Cape May.

In the evening there was generally an informal hop at the hotel, with music. A private refreshment room was opened in one of the men's corridors of the house, where a cold lunch and good things to drink were kept both day and evening.

When man goes to his amusements he is about the same animal everywhere.

Good cheer of talk, new acquaintanceship and the loss of cares correspond very well with a good sideboard, whatever the Maine law may have to say, or the party who prefers a hogshead of cold water as his foretaste of heaven and the deluge.

A proportion of all the visitors, but not very many of them, went up to see the Harrison cottage, and these reported that it stood in a waste of sand at a good distance from the beach, and was avery poor present compared to what the ruler's family should have been given.

Nevertheless, Mr. Wanamaker, the postmaster general, has made his home in that place for a good many years, and here he spends the month of August, and seems to be well contented.

The president's daughter, a good-looking young married lady, with a small graceful head and all the signs of both good breeding and good nature, came down to the Stockton House Monday night wearing a dress of dark red trimmed with black, somewho met her were charmed with her unaffected manners and feelings. I thought she was an excellent dancer, and those who met her were charmed with her unaffected manners and feelings. I thought she was easily the best looking woman in the room, where there were many fine-looking women.

I had a curious talk with W. J. Arkell only yesterday. He came from an interior

only yesterday. He came from an interior town in New York, and discoveriag, near Saratoga, a high mountain. called McGregor, found there a plain farmer to have made roads up the mountain and to have built a boarding-house.

Mr. Arkell made the acquaintance of Joseph Drexel of Philadelphia, now deceased, who went in with him, and they bought Mt. McGregor and its 1000 acres, built a railroad to it and put up a good sized hotel. This house paid about \$6000 a year profit until the spring the place was offered to Gen. Grant in his wasting moments as a spot of good air and repose. There Grant died.

"You would hardly believe it." said Mr. Arkell, "but Grant dying at that spot has been its greatest injury as a resort. Vistors come here by thousands and approach the sacred place. They take off their hats. They begin to whisper. They pick up a handful of sand from the drive before the door and put it in their pockets to send home as a relic.

"We have to put a wagon load of sand every two or three weeks on that drive to compensate for what the relic hunters take away. The guests look down and see these funereal people, hats off, going silently around as if somebody was still dead in the house, and they become disconsolate and leave.

"So we have made a shrine at the expense of an hotel."

George Alfred Townsend.

## BOSTON, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 12, 1890. MARSHALL P. WILDER

dis mawnin'. De passenges get up when da pleases. 'Specs de folks got up when da which the children laughed at my stories. Most of the night he had tossed in bed c ties, carefully housed in institutions like

stead, he had gone to sleep like a stone and let her escape.

Of the many royal children I have had

Will

Likely to be Much Sharper.

When dinner was announced, the young great obstacles, and prince Abbee welked in first January 1988.

Mr. McAlister stopped to take a look at himself in a little mirror. He was adjusting a little tie, and it seemed to prefer resting close to his chin. Finally the obstinate bit of silk was tightened into its proper position, and Mr. McAllister was satisfied. He was rapidly approaching the final garments, which were on his bed, neatly laid cut and without a spot or even the sign of a

sir: a Georgian. I was born in Savannah. I came here when I was 15. and my whole life since then has been spent here."

Mr. McAllister will receive \$30,000 from receive \$30,000 from the since the savannah. I was I Foundament to be succeived by the savannah was a savannah was

A Vengeful Man's Scheme Brings Righteous Retribution.

Steps I can take to make him very tired."
"Shoot his Hens," was the Brusque Advice.

uses to get Another." 'Let your Wife hire his Cook on the Sly." "She has tried it and failed." "Have you Presented his Children with



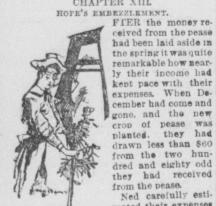


#### EDITED BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

THE ABANDONED CLAIM.

The Serial Which Won the Prize in the Youth's Contest. BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHED. [Copyrighted, 1890, by S. S. McClure.]

CHAPTER XIIL



had been laid aside in remarkable how nearkept pace with their cember had come and gone, and the new crop of pease was planted, they had drawn less than \$60 from the two hunthey had received

from the pease. Ned carefully estimated their expenses for the coming spring, and found that he

had a surplus of \$100. He gave this into Hope's hands, saying: "There, little sister; I think you have command of something. There must be some things you need.'

'And may I really spend just a little of it for myself? Her voice was so eager that Ned was smitten with self-reproach.
"Every penny of it if you would like.

What misers we boys have been. You've been wanting something in the way of clothes and wouldn't tell us."
"No, no. Not clothes; flowers."
"Flowers?" repeated both boys in chorus.
"Roses. If I only could go to Mr. Abbott's

and buy some outright-"It's high time you had some pleasure for yourself, Hope," interrupted Ned. "Go to-

It was a glad day for Hope when she set put to buy her roses. 'And what kind of roses would you like?"

asked the old nurseryman.
"If you please, I would like-all kinds." Mr. Abbott smiled indulgently.



"My dear," he said, "I am afraid you can't find them here. How many roses does this little woman suppose there are in 'I thought-I supposed-" stammered Hope, somewhat abashed-"about a dozen;

probably two dozen." "Say two thousand, my child, and you

of him to think that she might have had a plan.

"Mr. Abbott said he thought somebody might do well to make a specialty of roses. He thought there might be considerable profit in raising cut flowers for the San Francisco market. Oh, I know I oughtn't to have started into it myself. Ned, but it seemed as if I couldn't help it."

"Mr. Abbott's ideas are worth considering," said Ned. "Have any of them bloomed yet, Hope?"

"Oh, no." said the little girl, as shocked as a mother might be if asked whether a three-months-old baby had begun to walk. "I couldn't think of letting them. I pinch off all the buds. I shan't let them bloom a bit before next fall."

"That's an excellent idea. Just the way I treat my young orchard trees. Let them get blenty of root and a stout growth before they go to work."

Ned was undoubtedly a soft-hearted fellow, but on the way to the house he registered a vow that he would send and get the "Princess Beatrice" out of the first money that came in from the pease that spring.

CHAPTER XV.

HARD TIMES.

It often happens that when one desires most of nature she gives least. A series of disasters overtook the pease that year, and they recovered only for a slow and stunted growth. Meanwhile, from more favored sections of the State, sacks upon sacks of green pease reached the city, in such quantities that the market was soon glutted.

"Never mind," said Ned, bravely. "We'll let them ripen and thresh them out for seed." HARD TIMES

down to all the bread and butter she could eat.

On the day that the draft was due, Ned went confidently down to the village store and post office and asked for his mail.

By the way, Mr. Wilkins." he said, "I see your team is at the door. Can you send a load of goods up to us right away?"

Mr. Wilkins did not appear to notice this inquiry. He was handing Ned a postal card with a written address on one side and a printed blank on the other, the usual form employed by commission men in reporting the state of the market. Written across the card, in a large, clear hand, were words, not in the choicest of language:

"Pease no good. Full of weevils."

Now whether or no Mr. Wilkins read the postals (as was commonly believed), in this case his conduct certainly justified the act. He leaned over the counter and laid one hand on the arm of Ned. who, looking dazed and troubled, was turning to leave the store.

"Pon't you want the things you spoke of."

Egyptian army, was detached to serve with Gordon as his chief of staff. Gordon and myself left Cairo Feb. 21, 1874, and by rapid marches reached Gondocoro, 3000 miles up the Nile, April 18.

From that place, April 20, I sat out for the kingdom of Uganda, with whose king. M'Tesa, the Khedive urgently desired to make a treaty in anticipation of a certain European power, which, even then, it was

forget that."

"Thask you, Mr. Wilkins," replied Ned. in a low voice, "But I'd rather not. Not today, anyhow."

Dr. John had come in by another entrance and was standing a little distance away, with a wire cheese box between him and his young neighbor. He had heard the boy's light-hearted inquiry and remark, then noted his sudden look of discouragement as he read the postal, and he had istened to the subsequent dialogue.

The doctor instantly decided that there was trouble at Home ranch. After Ned took his leave, Dr. John questioned Mr. Wilkins, and found that worthy only too ready to talk.

"It's my opinion them young friends of yours are living on air." Irankly declared the grocer. "What else they got to live on? Only one sack of flour since the 1st of January; no sugar, no oatmeal, no coffee, and the butcher says he hain't sold them a pound of meat since March."

I'm long numped into his buggy and

Some instinct led him to where she stood down by the roses, crying as if her heart would break. Something rose in his heart would be a seen death of the dear young mother; the patient manner in which the delicate child had grown too much for the mother's failing strength, and then had assumed them wholly as well as the shock of their father's sudden prostration, and the manner in which she had interpreted his wish that they should remain together, and then found a way to carry out their promise, and her share—yes, more than her share—of their burdens. And then the shadow of the old sycamore.

"There, there, little sister," he said, drawing her sit down with him on a gnarled root which stread over the ground at its base. "I may sorry i said a word about the mouse," I knew you expected me to use only a little. It was—like—being—a thief." But it was mean in me to de it. It was selfish. It was worse. I knew you expected me to use only a little. It was—like—being—a thief." As Hope hurled this terrible accusation at herself she burden and sever and the she work into a fresh storm of sols.

Listen hear, "said a word about the mousey that so on pleased. Don't worry. We shall get along all right."

"But it was mean in me to de it. I was selfish. It was worse. I knew you expected me to use only a little. It was—like—being—a thief."

"As Hope hurled this terrible accusation at herself she burden and seed and fruit trees and vines, and never so much as asked your approval, when I'm sure you had a clear thief."

"As Hope hurled the trible accusation at herself she burden and seed and fruit trees and vines, and never so much as asked your approval, when I'm sure you had a clear thief in the she work is and the service of the long of the she work is and the service of the long of the she she so to she she said. The dout of the huse to look after our baking while we



together, that we may know something of the ever fabled flower and the people of whom the ancient historian and poet have said that whoever should eat of the lotus forgot forever both friends and country, and remained forever in the land and became a veritable Letophagus. The ancient country of the Lotophagi, according to the treacherous vegetation of the lake, we full depth of blue above her, as she stepped out of the shed that evening.

She walked to the gate to examine its fastenings, and after reassuring herself as to its security went into the house.

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She walked to the gate to examine its faste and cried, all in a breath. It was so good of him to think that she might have had a came a veritable Letophagus. The ancient country of the Lotophagi, according to Herodotus, was situated on the northern land to procure food, we were surrounded

crosses, and where she expected to see nothing, was the motionless shadow of a human figure.

With a wild, silent prayer for help, she recovered herself sufficiently to close the shutters without making a seund, and to insert the iron bar across them. Then she went into the living-room. The window opening on the yard was not closed, and a square patch of moonlight came in, flooding the room. By this light she adjusted the ladder in the hole in the attic, for her plans were quickly made, and although her teeth were chattering and she was shaking from head to foot, her ideas remained clear. She groped her way into the black pantry, felt for the temato can with the money, and, coming back to the living-room, went to the open window and scrutinized the yard closely, glancing sharply into the dark shadows. It was to all appearance lonely and deserted. She silently closed the shutters of this last window also, and then, being entirely in inky darkness, felt her way to the ladder and crept up to the attic above.

way to the ladder and crept up to the attic above.

Just as she was going to draw up the ladder she bethought herself that her revolver was dewn on her dressing bareau, where her brother had left it. She crawled down and got it. Each moment spent in these manœuvres, instead of calming her, left her in a more abject state of terror.

She pulled the ladder up into the attic after her, striving to make as little noise as possible, but she could not avoid a scraping sound that seemed to fill her ears with roaring din. The ladder drawn up, all that she could do at present was done, and she lay flat on the floor to await further developments.

ments.

She put the revolver a little way from her fearing that if she held it it might go off with her nervous trembling.

But this awful waiting, this perfect stillness was unbearable. The air in the attic was hot and stifling, Her hair seemed to creep and crawl on her head; her mouth, which was open, as she breathed short gasss, became parched and dry, and her toucute felt like a round stone. She dug her nails into the soft boards of the floor, and all this time not a sound came from outside.

suppose," sighed Drusilla Myrick, regretfully to her brother who sat with his long legs stretched out beforehim, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, and a much disturbed and perplexed look on his face.

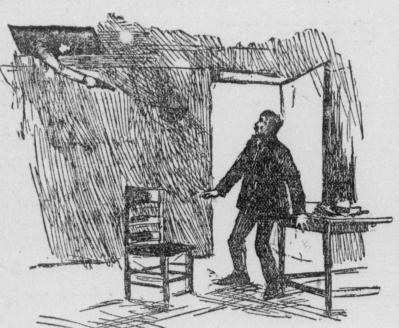
"I don't see how I can get out of it, Druse," he answered, after a minute's reflection, as she stepped to and froputting away the breakfast things.

He had received a summons that morning to come immediately to Hobbsville, 15 miles away, to be a witness in a case going on there.

"I don't see how I can get out of it, Druse," he answered, after a minute's reflection. As she stepped to and froputting away the breakfast things.

He had received a summons that morning to come immediately to Hobbsville, 15 miles away, to be a witness in a case going on there.

"An in the would only make a noise or do something! Where is he now? He can't be looking at me out of the dark. Oh, Lord, St forcy me my sins—I know that my last shours have come—oh, please let him make a seund—oh Rob! Rob! Why did you leave me? Oh, what is that trickling down me? Oh, what is that tricklin



the depth of blue above her, as she stepped out of the shed that evening.

She walked to the gate to examine its fastenings, and after reassuring herself as to its security went into the bouse.

She sat some time by the window to enjoy the slight might wind before going to bed, when, as her window was within reach of the ground and she was all alone, she would have to close it.

The moon must have risen quite high, for the light was extremely brilliant and beautiful, making the shadows very black. As she stood again at the window to take a farewell look, before closing the shutters, the scene reminded her of a print of a French picture called "The Crucifixion" that ornamented her wall. Here was the vast moonlit plain in the picture, the sky with a few twinkling stars, but, in the picture to the left, were the shadows of three crosses, while here—and she leaned slightly out of the window to prove the incompleteness of the likeness.

In am instant it seemed as if all the blood in her body had flown to her heart and was pounding violently there—she had net strength to move, for there, where in the picture were the shadows of the three crosses, and where she expected to see nothing, was the motionless shadow of a human figure.

With a wild, silent prayer for help, she the door.

"Whistle' Drusilla called after him, and whistle he did, the shrill sound getting fainer and fainter.

Still strong with excitement, Drusilla placed the ladder in position and hastily descended it, holding the revolver in her right hand.



Afar off on the moonlit plain she saw from

"Oh. that's all right, Druse! You did the bolite thing, anyway, by your guest. You needn't be afraid of what the people say. And I'm proud of you—awfully proud!"

Vila was never caught, but Rob Myrick thought the story of Drusilla's hospitality to a highway robber too good to be kept, and the tale gradually leaked out about the \$2 given to the boor unfortunate who had only several thousand dollars on his person at the time.

Descent with Parachutes.

'How high do you ascend to make a para-

expand and act as a resisting force. The highest leap I made was at Quincy, when I entrusted myself to the parachute at a height of 10,000 feet, it is, of course, quite an experience to cleave the air for that distance. I use nothing but my hands to hold onto the bar. I do not grasp the bar tightly, as a less experienced man would do, for that would soon exhaust my strength. I hold on merely enough to support my weight. At the beginning of the descent the sensation resembles that experienced by people descending in an elevator, only it is more intense. The first 100 feet or so my body is a dead weight, and the descent is nearly rapid enough to take one's breath.

"The main danger in parachuting has been due to the oscillating motion in the air. During some descents I have been astonished to see this oscillation so great as to bring the parachute on a horizontal line with myself. Going thus from side to side, parachuting becomes dangerous business. I have at the present time a fringe three feet wide attached to my parachute, and in descending I think this steadles the motion.

"When I leave the balloon for the parachute. I pull a rope which rips it partly open so that the gas can make its escape and allow tee balloon to descend. My balloon generally reaches the ground before I do in the parachute. My parachute is 22 feet in diameter and made of silk of the lightest and strongest material possible.

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No publication will be sent for less time than one year, and no order for a publication will be accepted unless it includes a yearly subscription to THE WEEKLY GLOBE

Arthur's Home Magazine Atlanta Constitution, Weekly ..... 1.80 American Machinist..... Agents' Herald .... Afar off on the moonlit plain she saw from her window Vila's shambling figure walking away with quick but uncertain steps. As she saw him really going her nervous strength suddenly departed. A mighty surging blackness roared around her, and she fell in the first faint she had ever known.

When she came to herself the pale, glimmering dawm shoue in on her, as she lay on her back, gazing straight up into the tender pink sky. Lying there, dazed and weak for some moments, memory of last night's events slowly came back to her.

"I must have fainted." she said, raising herself on her elbow. "How sweet and cool its!"

Agents' Herald.

American Rural Home.

Andover Review.

American Dairyman (new subs).

Art Interchange Magazine.

Atlantic Monthly.

American Agrical Home.

American Dairyman (new subs).

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Atlantic Monthly.

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American Agrical Home.

Andover Review.

American Dairyman (new subs).

Art Interchange Magazine.

Atlantic Monthly.

American Agrical Home.

Andover Review. The first the fi 1.80 3.30 8.00 5.10 The Moines, Ia. Register.

"How high do you ascend to make a parachute descent?" was asked of Prof. S. Y. Baldwin, the aeronaut.

"Not less than 3000 feet. A smaller distance does not give the parachute time to expand and act as a resisting force. The highest leap I made was at Quincy, when I entrusted myself to the parachute at a height of 10,000 feet, lis. of course, quite an experience to cleave the air for that distance. I use

N. Y. Fashion Bazar.

Nursery.

N. Y. Ortitio.

3.00

N. Y. Weekly Post.

1.00

N. Y. Weekly World.

1.00

N. Y. Weekly Herald.

1.00

N. Y. Weekly Herald.

1.00

N. Y. Weekly Herald.

1.00

N. Y. Sportsman.

4.00

New Princeton Review.

3.00

New Princeton Review.

3.00

New York Witness.

3.00

N. Y. Pashion Bazar.

3.00

N. Y. Pashion Bazar.

3.00

N. Y. Pashion Bazar.

3.00

N. Y. Weekly Post.

1.00

N. Y. Weekly World.

1.00

N. Y. Weekly Bun.

1.00

N. Y. Weekly Herald.

1.00

N. Y. Weekly Herald.

1.00

N. Y. Sportsman.

4.00

New Princeton Review.

3.00

New York Witness. | New Princeton Review | 3.00 | New York Witness | 1.00 | Our Little Men and Women | 1.00 | 
 Ohio Farmer
 1.00

 Puck (the best comic weekly)
 5.00
 Phrenological Journal, without pre. 2.00 Practical Parmer..... 2.00 
 Practical Marmer
 2.00

 Prairie Farmer
 2.00

 Peterson's Lady's Magazine
 2.00

 Popular Science News
 1.00

 Popular Science Monthly
 5.00

 Presbyterian Review
 3.00

 Philadelphia Weekly Times
 1.00

 Philadelphia Medical Times
 4.00

 Philadelphia Practical Farmer
 2.00
 The properties of the control of the

"Two thousand!" repeated the young girl, "Double that. And the number is increasing every year. But let us see what I can find. I think I have 30 or 40 varieties that I have picked up from time to time."

Mr. Abbott was even better than his word. In a short time 45 plants, representing as many standard varieties of roses, were snucly packed in Hone's willow basket, and the young girl handed him \$1.50 with a loftier pleasure than if she had been an empress purchasing some costly fabric.

"I really think," said the old nurseryman, musingly, "that some one might make money by going into roses. Besides propagating the plants for sale, there could be a very decent income secured by selling cut flowers to the city florists."

Hone's eyes brightened with a new light, and the flush in her cheeks deepened.

"Mr. Abbott," she asked, "who does keep all kinds of roses?" Double that. And the number is increas-"Mr. Abbott." she asked, "who does keep all kinds of roses?"
"No house in this country," replied the old gentleman, "but there are several Eastern rose-growers who have a large selection. How would you like to carry home some of their catalogues? You might like to send for one of their dollar collections," my dear. They are really worth having."

He tucked several prettily illustrated pamphlets into the willow basket, quite unconscious of the firebrand he was touching to the young girl's imagination.

CHAPTER XIV.

The boys paid little attention to Hope's flowers. They knew that she spent all her spare time in her garden, and they noticed the frequent arrival of packages by mail, bearing the stamp of Eastern florists: but as 50 roses were packed in very nearly the same space as one, and they never gave as 50 roses were packed in very nearly the same space as one, and they never gave more than a careless look toward her growing plantation, they had but a slight idea of the extent of the young girl's investment. It all came one evening in March. They were sitting together in their cosy room, Martin deep in an encyclopedia, Ned frowning over his account book, and Hope, as usual, busy with her catalogues. She had come very nearly to the end of both her money and her roses. Out of the 900 varieties named in the lists, she now had 700 and more, and as the plants had been put out at the most favorable season of the In a litalicame one evening in March. They were sitting together in their cosy room. Martin deep in an encyclopedia, Ned frowning over his account book, and hepe, as usual, busy with her catalogues. She had come very nearly to the end of both her money and her roses. Out of the 900 varieties named in the lists, she now had 700 and more, and as the planss had been put out at the most favorable seasen of the year, they were turiting finely. Her one anxiety was to make the money she had left cover the cost of the remaining; were considered the state of the saws beyond one calculations this time. Well, Martin, we're braikrupt. The object of the state of the saws beyond one calculations this time. You and have to have new boots or go. Although Ned had placed the \$100 in hope's hands and wanted her to feel that the little woman would handle it wisely. Hope had dropped her rencil and paper when Ned began to speak, and stared at him with wide anxious eyes.

"But, Ned, you said that I could have it all every cent."

"And I meant it, too, Hope," said Ned, apologetically, secretly wondering to see his generous hearted sister suddenly become so penurious. "But you see how it is, Hope." "You little rose fancier!" langhed Ned, apologetically, secretly wondering to see his generous hearted sister suddenly become so penurious. "But you see how it is, Hope." "You little rose fancier!" langhed Ned, and shadow, set with slender galingale:

"You little rose fancier!" langhed Ned, And shadow, set with slender galingale:

"You little rose fancier!" langhed Ned, And shadow, set with slender galingale:

"You little rose fancier!" langhed Ned, And shadow, set with slender galingale:

"You little rose fancier!" langhed Ned, You've tanght me more about roses touched. The same rose should and he tacked skil. "In who work of more than the sore subjective in the sore subject to the sore subjective in the sore subjective in the

"CRYING AS IF HER HEART WOULD BREAK."

Some instinct led him to where she stood

dazed and todards the store.

"Don't you want the things you spoke of, Austin? Your credit's good here. Don't forget that."

"Thank you, Mr. Wilkins," replied Ned, in a low voice, "But I'd rather not. Not

COL. LONG AND TWO OF HIS MEN.

Briefly told, after indescribable hardships, we arrived at the capital of King M'Tesa on June 20. Neither white man nor horse had ever been seen by the Uganda people, and my appearance, mounted and arrayed in a flashy, gold-embroidered uniform, was well calculated to strike them with amazement. What wonder, then when, in the act of dismounting, the simple people who had been collected to do honor to a white prince, fled in terror, mistaking me for a centaur! Nor can I tell in this brief story how on the following day the King, in solemn audience endeavored to impress me with his greatness by causing 30 of his people to be massacred in cold blood in my presence.\* Did I protest? Certainly, but this was the custom of Africa's great King, and my protest was unheeded.

A residence of 30 days as the guest of King M'Tesa enabled me to conclude for Egypt the coveted treaty, by which M'Tesa recognized his country, including the whole Nile basin, as the southern limit of Egypt.

On July 18, having bade the King adieu, and having visited Lake Victoria Nyanza. I prepared to descend the hitherto unknown and unnavigaled river, with the object of solving the still open buestion of the Nile sources, still left in doubt, notwithstanding the discoveries of Lakes Victoria and Albert by Capt. Speke and Sir Samuel Baker.

sources, sint left in doubt, how this tanding the discoveries of Lakes Victoria and Albert by Capt. Speke and Sir Samuel Baker.

Before embarking our little band received an accession to its numbers in an unwelcome present of a boy and a girl, the latter the king's daughter, whom he sent me, the boy to be taught to be a soldier, the daughter to be educated, a commission which has been faithfully executed.

Following the river from Lake Victoria in the Indian-like cances with which the King had furnished us, and into which were stored our people and scanty provisions, we drifted and paddled down the swift current of the river, when, on Aug. 11, we found ourselves in an open sea stretching to the eastward to an unknown distance. This was nothing less than Lake Ibrahia, so called by the Khedive subsequently, and without doubt was the third lake which, according to ancient cartographers, formed the three great lakes which constituted the Nile sources.

The surface of Lake Ibrahim was covered

The sources.

The surface of Lake Ibrahim was covered with a dense mass of vegetation a great, hatlike flly, which on investigation proved to be the Nymphæalotus, the flower of which is both white and blue. In the centre grows a built, and, later in the day, whilst slowly forcing our boats through and over the tough and tangled vegetation which impeded our progress, we came upon several canoes, or rough dugouts, in which were a number of very black, nude savages engaged in plucking and eating the builb of the lotus flower. Surely the discovery of the lake was surprise enough for one day, but not so it seemed, since the spectacle proved beyond doubt a positive corroboration of the fact that the lotuseaters, whom the ancients had immortalized in song, not only existed, but still exist. The revelation was destined to be still more complete, from the fact that, emulating the savages in the degustation of the fruit in order to appease our hunger and economize our almost exhausted store, we ate heartily of it.

M lesa, the Knedive directly desired to make a treaty in amticipation of a certain European power, which, even then, it was said, had inspired the expedition which reached there in 1875, name months toolate, however, to attempt the taking up of M'Tesa's country, for my mission had in the interval concluded a treaty with Egypt, and military stations, in fact, occupied the country.

My mission was in its inception a diplomatic one, and this fact will account for its haste and want of preparation. It was necessary to march quickly and without troops, in order to avoid collision and possible delay. Provisions or medical stores there were none, these having been left behind by Gordon. I was, therefore, obliged to depend during my entire journey upon a regime of dourah (millet) and bananas. The rainy season, which lasts during six months, had set in the very day of my arrival.

The officers at the post declared that to the the field under any one of these in. had set in the very day of my arrival.

The officers at the post declared that to take the field under any one of these circumstances was death, and they were right, save that our case was simply an exception. Undaunted by the outlook, I set about making my rapid preparations, and in the first place selected the two gallant and heroic soldiers whose portraits are here presented, and which were taken by Gen. Gordon himself on our arrival back at Gondocoro in the month of October following.

The surface of Lake Ibrahim was covered

"Never mind," said Ned, bravely. "We'll let them ripen and thresh them out for seed." We list them ripen and thresh them out for seed." We list them ripen and thresh them out for seed." We list them ripen and thresh them out for seed." We list them ripen and thresh them out for seed." We list them ripen and thresh them out for seed." We list them ripen and thresh them out for seed." We list them ripen and thresh them out for seed." We well along in May when the post personal thresh and they had 20 sacks of seed pease, representing over a ton's weight.

"Flowers Roses! I told you I would like to Don't you remember?" Though I never so thought thren-I clich't know there were so may have the seed to to plants down by the Brook path. Well I must say it takes a girl to throw away. An and the seed the seed of the seed

A Chicago Woman Writes the Second Prize Story of Adventure.

BY CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND. [Copyrighted, 1890, by S. S. McClure, 1 ELL, Rob, if you must go, you must, I

"HOLD UP YOUR HANDS INSTANTLY, OR I SHOOT."

# CHING CHANG;

## THE CHINESE GOD.

-BY--

#### MABEL M'LEAN HELLIWELL,

WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE IN THE WEEKLY GLOBE PRIZE STORY CONTEST FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

It was a great day for all the little boys of Japan. It was the day of the "Feast of Banners." As soon as the sun began to peep through the fleecy clouds, Ching Chang sprang up from his bed on the clean, matted floor. Trut to tell, it was not much of a bed, for early expense (thing and his was not much of a bed, for early expense (thing and his was not much of a mostrile. bed, for every evening Ching and his par-ents walked all over the floor of their little house until they found a nice, soft spot, where they lay down on it, making a little bedroom by pulling out screens from the walls to enclose the spot selected, and there slept serenely till morning. When day broke the screens were pushed back, and the house presented its usual appearance.

However, on the day upon which our story opens, Ching Chang rose with the sun, and calling his parents made haste to perform his toilet. Then pulling from their hiding places the tall bamboo stick, painted paper banner and fish of plaited straw, with which all the streets are decorated on this grand fete day, he held them till his father appeared. In a short time father and son had the family banner swinging gayly in front of their house. stand by her side and watch the great everchanging ocean.

As the poor mother thought of her only child shat up in the gloomy old god below, in close, stuffy carkness, tears filled the bright, beady, black eyes, and with difficulty she repressed a sob.

"Hang them! Look at Mother Carey's chickens!"

The harsh voice made Peep Bah turn around. All the men were gazing skyward. The Japanese raised their eyes. High above floated the birds, who seemed to be saying: "Look out for a squall! Look out for a squall!" Almost at the same moment Phœbus hid his face behind the clouds that quickly sprang forward to shelter him, the wind fell, and an ominous slience pervaded Such a banner as it was! Adorned with queer pictures of queer men; flewery, high-sounding sentences and the family

After Ching Chang had eaten his bowl of rice he buckled on his two little swords, for when the Japanese boys arrive at the mature age of seven years they wear two swords, and Ching was almost nine, and pinning a great bunch of gay colored paper ribbons on his skoulder, seized his little banner and flew away to parade the street with all the other fellows; for the Feast of Banners is a gala day, especially and exclusively for Japanese boys.

But Ching Chang's father and mother. named respectively Wing Lai and Peep Bah, A storm at sea! For two days the storm had raged with unabated fury. One moment the ship would be high on the top of a monster wave, then suddenly every timber in her creaking and groaning protest, she would plunge down, down, down, till all held their breath, expecting each moment to be their last, then, with a shake and a snort like a living thing, she would begin the ascent just to repeat the performance again and again. Day broke once more, and still the storm showed no signs of abating, rather it seemed, were it possible, to increase in fury as the hours passed on. Decidedly, the Eagle was having the worst of it. Her masts were broken, her bowsprit gone, and altogether the ship would not have been recognized as the jaunty vessel that put out to sea so saucily but a few days before. were sad, and when their little son had gone they settled down for a long, confidential chat. The subject of this confabulation was an

important one, and poor Peep Bah shed not a few tears as it was discussed, for this was the theme of their conference: A great many of Wing Tai's friends had gone to the United States and Canada, and



after some years had returned to their native land with what they considered large fortunes. Seeing all this, and hearing many tales of the wealth of America, Wing Tai was very anxious to go also to that great "money country," for, though in easy circumstances, he was not rich, and he thought that if he could only get to "the States," his fortune would be made. But being an affectionate father and son, for his friends had told him that under no circumstances would his wife or child be admitted into the "great land," so very probably he would never have left his own country if a friend of his who had been absent from Japan since Ching Chang was a baby, had not returned suddenly with a fortune, and again rose the desire in Wing Tai's mind to go and do likewise, and this time he could not subdue it. So the husband had told his wife, and this day, the "freet of bonners" the worst we've hed fer years. Confound it! I'll jest chuck the thing overboard. It's the worst we've hed fer years. Confound it! I'll jest chuck the thing overboard. It's the worst we've hed fer years. Confound it! I'll jest chuck the thing overboard. I'll was goin near so'thing livin' when I go in like thing overboard. The man him of was thing of the way for head of the sallors he led the way to the god and creder it to be thrown overboard. The men, ever ready to anger any poor Japanese, steadied themselves to do their master's bidding.

Wing Lai and Peep Bah came quickly forward-very quickly considering how the ship was tossing—and pleaded and begged him to desist.

No, the captain was firm.

With a look of despair way; but not so feed Bah. Throwing hermixture of broken English and Japanese not to throw the god overboard.

With an oath the captain wrenched her off and ordered his men to heave it overboard at once. They dragged the heavy lumbering thing above with difficulty, for the sea breaking over the deck time he could not subdue it. So the husband had told his wife, and this day, the "feast of banners," the two sat discussing and planning how they could smuggle their young son into the far off land.

It would be no trouble to dispose of Peep Bah, for she could go clothed in male attire, so poor little Ching was the only stumbling block in the road to fortune. But what a heavy block he was to be sure—plan after plan was propounded and abanplan after plan was propounded and aban-doned as impossible, until the block bid fair to forever and completely obstruct the

In the meantime little Ching Chang was

In the meantime little Ching Chang was having a fine time, utterly unconscious of the way in which he was upsetting all his parents' plans and of the cloud hanging over him.

When he came home his mother asked him tenderly if he had had a nice time. "Yep," cried Ching, capering around as he ate his rice.

"Well, I am glad vou had," said Peep Bah, speaking rapidly in her mother tongue. "For, Ching Chang, I am afraid this is the last time for many years that you will be in in dear old Japan on Feast of Banners day. For if we can think of a way to smuggle you in, so that the Melican man don't know we are bringing you, we are all going soon to the great money country—the far-off United States."

States."
"And why must I be smuggled? Why can't I be dressed up in my best and walk with you? Why can't I?" and Ching stared at his parents till his bright, black little eyes were ready to start from his funny little band.

Nead.
So his mother had to explain to him the cruel (?) laws of the money country in regard to Japanese women and children, and when he had given a little vent to his indig-

mind how he could possibly be brought to America.

"Pack me with the goods, papa."

"No. son, that will not do. How could we feed you?"

As Peep Bah's beady eyes wandered around the room they suddenly lit up with. joy. "I have it! I have it!" she cried triumphantly. "The God! the Chinese God!"

"Eh?" said Wing Tai, gazing stupidly round, for being a man, you see, he was not so quick to catch an idea as his wife.

"The god!" cried Peep Bah. excitedly "The Chinese god! it is hollow. We can put our som in it! Do you not understand?" and the little woman ran over to a huge wooden idol that leered at them from the corner. It was an enormous thing, in a sitting posture, carved beautifully out of wood, its hands stretched outwards, and, as Peep Bah said, it was hollow. The idol was large and Ching was small, so that he would have plenty of room in his queer little prison. This great juestion settled, the rest was easy.



Wing Tai sold his house to a neighbor who had long wished to purchase, and with the money thus obtained bought a large quantity of Japanese fancy goods, with which he intended to stock a store on his arrival in the states. A boat was to leave Yokohama for British Columbia in two weeks. It was Wing Tai's idea to journey to Yokohama, take this boat to British Columbia, thence to New York, which his kinsmen and iriends, who had been these told him was the most profitable place to start in business.

told him was the most prontable place to start in business.

On the day the ship, which was a common vessel, was to embark, Hing Tai was holding a farewell reception at a friend's house in Yokohama. Everything belonging to him but his wife, his child, the god and himself were on the ship. At last the hour drew nigh when the ship was expected to sail. Ching Chang bade his parents an affectionate acieu, and Wing Tai unscrewed the head of the idol, dropped his sen in, replaced the head and the party started. Wing Tai had made holes through the nostrils of the god se that Ching Chang could

. . . . . . . . . . .

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea! The blue, the fresh, the ever free! I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea! I am where I would always be.

Butwhen man pauses to think what frail

wind fell, and an ominous silence pervaded

the air. The captain shouted his orders, and soon all was made ready for the coming

As the captain, coming from the wheelroom where he had been for 30 hours, was
on his way to his berth, he was suddenly
arrested by the sound of a voice, unmistakably that of Wing Lai, who was loudly

lamenting his foolishness in committing himself and his goods to the care of a Meli-

culty, for the sea breaking over the deck

一个

0

made it slippery, and the pitching of the vessel threatened each moment to send the men into the water.

"Now, overboard!" yelled the captain, knocking the frenzied Peep Bah to one side.

But as the men raised the god, from it there rose the most dreadful yell man ever heard.

storm.

till, with great joy they saw their beacon fire an ame.

Neither mother nor son slept that night, for though time had slipped by very happily their hearts had always been with Wing Tal-wherever he might be-and with Japan, and now the thought of a ship and a rescue so near kept their eyes open and their brains busy.

When morning drew near, with joy and thanksgiving, they perceived that their signal had been seen, and with great satisfaction they saw a boat put off and approach the island. Quickly going to the little shrine, Feep Bah seized the god, and ran to follow. What was her amazement and joy when

what was her amazement and joy with the boat landed to see none other than Wing Tai sitting in the bow of it. Her story was soon told, and after the sailors had picked some yams and cocoanuts, the god was placed in the boat. Feep Bah and Ching Chang seated themselves and they pushed off.

As the oars splashed merrily through the

Uning Chang seated themselves and they pushed off.

As the oars splashed merrily through the water, Wing Tai told his wife how he had fared since they parted. After the storm the voyage had been uneventful, except that the captain had fallen overboard and been eaten by sharks, which had been following the ship for days. When they arrived at New York, Wing Tai had opened his store and done well. He of course had believed that Peep Bah, Ching Chang and the god were all at the bottom of the sea, but he had a great longing for home, so at last, as a Chinaman who had just arrived wanted to buy a business, Wing Tai had sold out to him, and with his money started for his native land.

The recent furious storm had blown the ship greatly out of her way, and when Wing Tai saw Peep Bah's signal, it maked across him that perhaps, after all, his wife and and child might not be dead, so he prevailed upon the kindly captain to let him go in the boat with the men to the rescue, "and now," he added, "we can go home and live easy, for I have heap money."

And easy they did live, every one of them, to a green old age, and handed down from generation to generation, revered and loved, will be always "The Chinese God."

water into the god through the holes in the nostrile.

Wing Tai had, te his immense surprise, a great deal of trouble in persuading the captain of the Eagle to take the idol on board. The captain was a coarse, brutal man, and it was only when Peep Bah offered to pay "heap money" for the god's passage that he allowed it to come on his ship; and he did so swearing that if he had any trouble with it or if the "heathen idol brought dirty weather he'd chuck it overboard."

#### POEM BY JOHN G. WHITTIER,

Butwhen man pauses to think what frail support alone divides from "the ever free." he cannot but feel a thrill of fear, a sense of umsafety, a vain hope that land were nearer. On the deck of the Eagle stood Feep Bah and Wing Lai, lest in awe and wonderment. Feep Bah, filled with a desire to bring Ching Chang up on deck, loosed of his prison, to stand by her side and watch the great everchanging ocean. Read at the 250th Anniversary of the

Town of Haverhill, Mass. MAVERHILL—1640-1890.
O, river, winding to the sea!
We call the old days back to thee, And on thy pebbly margin hear. The footsteps of the pioneer. Gone steepled town and cultured plain, The wilderness returns again; The drear, untrodden solitude, The gloom and mystery of the wood.

Once more the bear and panther prowl, The wolf repeats his hungry howl, And, peering through his leafy screen, The Indian's copper face is seen. We see, their rude built huts beside,

Grave men and women anxious-eyed, And wistful youth remembering still Dear homes in England's Haverhill. We summon forth to mortal view Dark Passaquo and Saggahew, Wild chiefs, who owned the mighty sway Of wizard Passacenaway.

Weird memories of the border town, By old tradition handed down, In chance and change before us pass Like pictures in a magic glass

The terrors of the midnight raid, The fatal forest ambuscade; The winter march through deserts wild, Of captive mother, wife and child. Oh! bleeding hands alone subdued

The stearn and savage solitude,
And every step the settlers trod
With crimson stained the virgin sod. Slow from their plough the woods withdrew, Slowly each year their corn-lands grew, Nor fire nor foe sufficed to kill Their Saxon energy of will.

And never in the hamlet's bound Was lack of sturdy manhood found, And never failed the kindred good Of brave and helpful womanhood That hamlet now a city is,

The cow-path, which the founders knew. Is Traffic's brick-walled avenue. And far and wide it stretenes still, Along its southward sleping hill, And overlooks on either hand, A rich and many-watered land.

Its log-built huts are palaces,

And, gladdening all the landscape, fair As Pison was to Eden's pair, Our river to its valley brings The blessings of its mountain springs.

And nature holds, with narrowing space. From mart and crowd, her old-time grace, And guards with fondly jealous arms The wild growths of outlying farms.

Her sunsets on Kenoza fall. Her autumn leaves by Saltonstall, No lavished gold can richer make Her opulence of hill and lake. Wise was the choice which led our sires

And share the large content of all Whose lines in pleasant places fall. More dear, as years advance. We prize the old inheritance, And feel, as far and wide we roam,

Our palms are pines, our oranges Our thrushes are our nightingales, Our larks the plackbirds of our vales.

No incense which the Orient burns What tropic splendor can outvie Our autumn woods, our sunset sky?

What if the old idyllic ease Seems lost in keen activities, And crowded workshops ill replace The hearth's and farm field's rustic grace? No dull, mechanic round of toil

Life's morning charm can quite despoil And youth and beauty, hand in hand, Will always find enchanted land. No task is ill where hand and brain And skill and strength have equal gain, And each shall each in honor hold. And simple manhood outweigh gold. Earth shall be near to heaven when all

That serves man from man shall fail; For, here or there, salvation's plan Alone is love of God and man. O dwellers by the Merrimack,
The heirs of centuries at your back,
Still reaping where you have not sown,
A broader field is now your own.

Hold fast your Puritan heritage, But let the free thought of the age Its light and hope and sweetness add To the stern faith the fathers had. Adrift on Time's relentless tide.

As waves that follow waves, we glide, God grant we leave upon the shore Some needed good it lacked before. Some seed or flower or plant of worth, Some added beauty to the earth, Some larger hope, some thought to make The sad world happier for its sake.

As tenants of uncertain stay, So may we live our little day
That only grateful hearts shall fill The homes we leave in Haverhill.

The singer of a farewell rhyme. Upon whose outmost verge of time The shades of night are falling down, I pray, God bless the good old town.

"Ves. anntie."

Mutual Bliss. [Texas Siftings.]
"My dear," said the aunt of a young widow to her niece one day, "is that your husband's portrait on the wall?"

But as the men raised the god, from it there rose the most dreadful yell man ever heard.

Ching Chang, being a trusting little fellow, thus far had kept silence, firmly believing that his mother would rescue him but when he heard the captain say "overboard," and felt the god being raised, he gave vent to all his pent-up feelings in one fearful scream.

The men dropped the god on the deck in a hurry, and for a moment the captain's face grew ashy; then, with an oath, he sprang forward. "——! I knew the devil was in it! But by gosh! we'll down him now." And lifting the god aloft, he flung it into the sea!

For a second Peep Bah stood, then with a shriek she plunged after her son.

As she rose to the surface her hand touched something. O joy, it was the wooden god, riding lightly on the waves. Grasping it Peep Bah raised herself, and supporting herself by it cried, as soon as she could get breath: "Ching Chang, you live?"

With joy she heard the little fellow sob with his answer—not only was he alive, but he was unhurt.

For a few hours they floated thus, at the mercy of the waves, the mother ever and anon cheering her son, while the storm, having spent its fury, slowly but surely abated. At length the waves grew calmer, the sun burst forth, and the storm was a thing of the past. With a beating heart Peep Bah anxiously scanned the horizon. The ship had vanished, but in its stead was a beautiful island some few miles distant.

This Peep Bah determined to reach, so pushing the god before her and using her feet as paddles, she soon began to make headway, and at last exhausted but deeply thankful she reached the shelving shore, and pushing the god on shore she sank down heades in the reached the shelving shore, and pushing the god on shore she sank down heades in the reached the shelving shore, and pushing the god on shore she sank down heades and the shelving shore, and pushing the god on shore she sank down beging it utterly unable to go further. simpered the aunt.
"An. yes." said the widow, "but we divided the thing up, so that whea he became blissful in heaven I became happy thankful she reached the shelving shore, and pushing the god on shore she sank down beside it utterly unable to go further. But only for a moment she lay thus. Then she sprang up, and with feverish haste released her son from his prison.

After the first fervent embrace Peep Banks saw to her surprise that in the god was s on earth. Triumphant Over Death.

"How blissfully happy and what a heaver

[Munsey's Weekly.] She was a New York woman. As Peter

she sprang up, and with feverish haste released her son from his prison.

After the first fervant embrace Peep Bah saw to her surprise that in the god was a bottle of water and six biscuits.

"Yep." said Ching Chang kicking up his heels, "me no eatee last mealee, me-oughfeelee sickes."

Then the funny little mortal began to cut all kinds of capers in his joy at once more being en terra firma. Peep Bah of course, had no idea as to what part of the world she was in, nor have I, but the little island which she had been so fortunate as to reach abounded in cocoa nuts, yams, etc., while the beach was strewn with c.ams, crabs, lobsters, oysters and the like.

Peep Bah's first work was to thank the god of the way in which it had cared for them, and to pray of it to send Wing Lai to them soon. The god grinned so kindly that Peep Bah was sure it had heard her prayer in and meant to grant it, so she chose a nice stablished a sort of primitive temple.

Days and months passed on, till it was nearing the completion of the third year that Peep Bah as Ching Chang had came running to his mother to tell for that there was a ship in the distance, and read for the paper?

He—Foreign Quotations.

She—Well, what do you find so absorbing in the paper?

He—Foreign guotations. They are bad for a mering the completion of the third year that Peep Bah as Ching Chang had been collecting from island and beach for three years. At last by means of two stones which she struck together, she managed to kindle a little twig. Oh, how carefully it was watched by those four anxious eyes,

# DROP OF BLOOD;

## THE MAN WITH A THUMB

#### BARCLAY NORTH.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Dorison returns to New York after an absence of eight years. His father had died while writing a letter, the contents of which, as far as finished, declared that his son had disgraced and ruined him. Dorison registers at a hotel under the name of Dudley, and then goes down Bleecker st. to look at the old homestead. In the basement is a barroom, while up stairs is Mme. Delamour's costuming establishment.

In the barroom Dorison meets an old

In the barroom Dorison meets an old friend of his father's, to whom alone he confides his identity. While in this place a drop of blood comes through the ceiling. | ord Dorison is the first to ascend to the rooms above. On the floor he discovers a young woman weltering in her blood.

He finds in her hand pieces of paper, with | thi writing like that of his father, and also a had locket containing his father's portrait. On the same evening the young girl's mother is also found murdered. Near the body of the murdered Mme.

Delamour, alias Mrs. Farish, is found a glove of peculiar make, particularly in regard to the thumb.

The discovery of a lancet in the room leads to the conclusion that the murderer

is a surgeon. Dorison becomes intimate with Miss Eustace and her father. Herbert Clavering Eustace, through rescuing her from being seriously injured by a horse and carriage, the carriage containing Dr. Fassett and Harry Langdon. Mr. Eustace calls on Dor-ison, who has assumed the name of Dudley. and notes a striking resemblance between

him and the late Reuben Dorison. Dorison finds a man who has a thumb such as the detective bade him seek. The man is Harry Eustace, brother of Miss Constance Eustace, whom Dorison rescued. Harry Eustace, Dorison also learns, has studied surgery.

Following on the trail of young Eustace, Catheart and Dorison run across "a tall, Farist slim and brown-haired man dressed in Not lothes of extreme fashion" and answering the description of the person who used to call on the Farishes.
"The tall, slim and brown-haired man.

dressed in clothes of extreme fashion," is Stern
"GI
Henry Langdon, and Dorison and Catheart share follow on his trail. Who is the murderer, Eustace or Langdon? Cathcart interviews the elder Eustace on the mystery of Reuben Dorison's life. Harry Eustace is taken to police headquarters.

#### CHAPTER XXII. STRANGE REVELATIONS.

The doctor staggered back as white as the wall against which he fell. Dorison and the officer sprang to their feet, astounded and horror-stricken. For a brief moment Dorison entertained the idea that Carthcart had taken leave of his But what thoughts either might have had

were diverted by the mad rush the doctor made at Cathcart. The officer and Dorison, despite his inured arm, leaped to the assistance of the old man.

Had Cathcart anticipated the attack? He was not, at all events, taken unawares:

He made a mighty struggle to free himself, and Cathcart went to the assistance of

the officer. "Take the handcuffs from my insde pocket," said the officer to Dorison, who did as he was requested.
In a moment more they were snapped

upon the struggling man's wrists. Even then he fought and wrestled until he was thrown down and his ankles tied with a "I did not come prepared for this sort of

business," said the panting officer.
"None of us did," replied Cathcart. Then to the doctor he said:

Nobody could."
"Bah!" replied Cathcart. "you're a baby.
You don't even know enough to cover your
tracks. When I first saw the bodies I knew
a physician. a surgeon, had done the job.
You couldn't keep the shop out of it. You
cut the carotid artery in each case, not as a
bungler, but as a surgeon performs an operation."
The dea that the crime might be traced
to a surgeon in this way had not occurred

The idea that the crime might be traced to a surgeon in this way had not occurred to the doctor, and he seemed frightened at the sagacious penetration displayed by the detective.

"You did it with a lancet," continued Cathcart. And taking the one the servant had found on the floor from his pocket, he added: "And with this lancet which you foolishly left behind you after the second murder. And this lancet came from this case."

The old man crossed to the mantel-piece, and taking up the case, continued, as he

opened it:
"It belongs to this set. It is precisely the same make—same tortouse-shell handle, and here is the place from which it came—a vacant place waiting for it since the 5th day of October. Bah! You haven't even attempted to cover your tracks. You, a smart man."

smart man."
The physician, apparently crushed and humiliated, turned a look of horror apon

humiliated, turned a look of horror agon the merciless old man.

Dorison, filled with pity for the poor wretch, failing to realize that the murderer of his half sister lay bound before him, thought Cathcart brutal in his triumph over the prisoner. But the old man had a purpose in the course ne was pursuing.

"Bah! If you were as skifful a murderer as you are a surgeon, you would not have made tracking so easy. Your very skill as a surgeon undid you, and it was only a question as to when we would get around to you. Murder is a fine art a man said yesterday. When a man undertakes to do two in one night he wants to be a master of the art."

one night he wants to be a master of the art."

The man on the floor made a gallant effort to retrieve himself. He was not a coward. He had been overwhelmed by the unexpected blow. But now that vigorous brain came into action, he recovered self-possession, and was cool and master of himself.

"You are very keen," he said with a sneer. "Do you know that a thousand such cases of instruments can be found in the city, and that surgeons usually carry their lancets in their pockets. If you will permit one of these gentlemen to feel in my right-hand vest pocket you will find another lancet exactly similar to the one you have in your hand."

The total change in the manner of the physician startled Dorison, and his words made him believe Cathcart had made a blunder in arresting the doctor one osight a ground.

"I'll take your word for it," said Cathcart.

ground.
"I'll take your word for it," said Cathcart, calmiy. "And you take my word that I'll find the case to which it belongs in your

ou committed a crime in your youngers. Harry Langdon, alias Haroid Farish, cognizant of it and held you so firmly its grip that you were a slave to his

lers."

Ah, the doggish hound! He has inmed on me, has he?" interrupted the
stor. "You have him then, have you?

ell, even then that proves nothing as to
schaper."

there then that proves nothing as to charge."

Ou knew he was a criminal but you no proof of it." continued Catheart, as assett had not spoken. "You knew e was evidence of his crimes in the ds of those poor women, his mother and ""."

ison was quite as much surprised at Dorison was quite as much surprised at this as was the doctor, who could not perceive that the old man was doing some shrewd guesswork.

You wanted that proof," continued Catheart, "that you might be free from that slavery, against which your proud, arrogant spirit chafed. You determined to obtain it. You had information it was in the costumer's shop in Bleeker st., as you knew. You sought her there, and found her looking over documents you thought were the ones you wanted. You begged her to give them to you, You ments you thought were the ones you wanted. You begged her to give them to you. You would not believe her when she told you she had them not. You threatened her, and when sne insisted that those which she had in her hands were not what you wanted, you attempted to take them by force. She resisted, and in a moment of exasperation, without premeditation frautic with rage and her resistance and mad with desire, you killed her and seized them. They were not what you wanted. You found that out after you had escaped by the rear, through the drinking saloon. They were letters written by Reuten Dorison to Emma Farish."

Farish."
Notwithstanding there was the assumption of a sneer upon the physician's face, there was in his eye an expression of utter amazement, and he muttered to himself under his breath.
"Do you deny this?" asked Cathcart, sternly.

"Do you deny this?" asked Cathcart, sternly.

"Give me those slips." he said, turning sharply to Dorison. The young man was so absorbed in the vivid and graphic description the old detective was giving of the murder, as to believe for the time that he must have been an eye-witness of it, that Cathcart was forced to repeat the demand. Mechanically taking out his pocketbook he handed the slips to the old detective, a proceeding Fassett regarded with interest not unmixed with curiosity.

"These slips," continued Cathcart, holding them before the eyes of Fassett, were found in that room within a quarter of an hour after your departure—one ou the floor, one in the hand of the murdered gir!."

Taking out the package he had removed from the safe, he slipped out two letters. The expression of curiosity fled from the doctor's eyes; in its stead came one of alarm. He quickly glanced at the safe in the corner. He had realized it all in that one glance.

A frightful imprecation broke from his

lips.
"You are a thief," he yelled.
"No." calmly replied the old man. "I have only taken that which you thieved on the night you murdered. You see how these slips it into the letters from which they were torn in your struggle with the poor girl. We will read the whole letter

recognizably. REUBEN DORISON.

The detective, laying the letter upon the

The detective, laying the letter upon the table, turned to Dorison, saying:

"There is a message from the grave of your father, John Dorison."

"Who?" cried Dr. Fassett. "Who is that?

That is Dudley."

"No." said Catheart. "That is John Dorison, son of Reuben, who for eight years has suffered for the sins of Harry Langdon, your triend, his half-brother. He is the half-brother of your yeath." riend, his half-brother. He is the half-brother of your victim."

All of this was beginning to tell upon the bound man, and he showed it in his face.
"Great God!" he cried. "What a revela-

"None of us did," replied Cathcart. Then to the doctor he said:

"You do not help yourself by such struggles. I've had many a man in your fix before."

"What imp of hell are you!" hissed the physician from between his teeth.

"My name is Simon Cathcart," replied the eld man, quietly.

The name appeared to calm the doctor, and he muttered:

"The Devil of the West!" Harry said he was in the city. Well," he cried aloud, "it's a lie. Why do you charge me, one of New York's foremost physicians and surgeons with such a thing."

"Because you killed those two helpless and inoffensive women, that's why."

The cold, positive tone of the old detective enraged him again.

"It's a lie! You couldn't have known it. Nobody could."

"Bah!" replied Cathcart. "you're a baby. You don't even know enough to cover your tracks. When I first saw the holdes! knew.

The corres Hardy and he showed it in his face.

"Great God!" he cried. "What a revelation!"

Cathcart waited for him to say more, but the dector relapsed intogloomy silence. The old man, outelly.

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"This slip." he said. "fits into this letter, and we will have some more testimony from the dector relapsed intogloomy silence. The old man took up the other.

"This slip." he said. "fits into this letter, and we will have some more testimony from the dector.

"The cold man outely.

My DEAR EMMA—Whether it be our sins or our misortunes the facts are as they are. Far be it from me to even think of upbraiding you. You have taken a burden of life in the most noble and self-sacrificing way I ever knew woman to do. For the sake of the children you are mother to and I the father we must be arourills uncomplainingly. What must be blamed is our own hasty and thoughtless and in the father we must be arourills uncomplainingly. What must be blamed is our

this is wholly true.

The course Harold is pursuing grieves me as well as yourself. Let us hope that it is but the ebulition of youth, and that when he has sowed a few wild oats he will see the error of his ways and alter them. oats he will see the error or his ways and after them. I am glad you had in your possession sufficient funds to make good the consequence of what in us older and more responsible persons would have been called crime, but which in one so young could only be thoughtlessness. I will return the money to you upon my return.

Between us there shall be no concealment, though

we must practice it before the world, and I sign myself your affectionate husband,

REUBEN DORISON.

"The letters from which these slips were "The letters from which these slips were torn were found in your safe. Do you want more proof? Well then, you hastened to 16th st., knowing that you had killed one person needlessly and yet must have the documents. There you found the mother alone, and there you demanded the documents and were refused. You were desperate and reckless now. The struggle this it ime did not precede the murder. Your hand was in, and, quickly despatching her, you ravished her bosom of the documents you had waded through blood to secure. With them in your hands, dropping your lancet as you went, you hurrie I away, and"—hesitating a moment, Cathcart added, "and with them in your pocket you hastened to the hospital, where you were already overdue, and with calm hand set a man's broken leg."

"Here are the documents," continued the old detective, tapping the package he held in his hand, "forged notes and checks by Harold Farish, and other proofs of his crimes, the marriage certificates of Reuben Dorison and Emma Farish, and some other matters."

The poor wretch, completely overwhelmed by the overpowering circumstantiality of the proof piled up against him, gave up resistance.

He laughed, a bitter, reckless, despairing laugh, "Yes," he said, "you know all. The devit

He laughed, a bitter, reckless, despairing laugh.

"Yes." he said, "you know all. The devil himself must have been your informant, for you could not have guessed so correctly. You have other proof behind. It is not likely you have exhausted everything yet. I confess it. It is fate, fate has conquered me. I have tried to live down the first effor, but it has followed me to the end, and run me dewn. Lift me into a chair. I have nothing now to conceal."

The officer and Cathcart lifted the man from the floor and placed him in a chair.

Dorison, wrought up to the highest pitch, found himself full of pity for the despairing wretch, who had give up all hope and ceased to struggle against his fate.
"I might have lived a better life," said the doctor after he was seated. "I had the ability and I have already achieved eminence in my profession. But I began wrong. There is a taint in my blood. The wrong was begun before I was born. The truth is, I come from a long line of criminals. Some men are born to a tendency to this, that and the other. I was to crime. Heredity! You know so much, know all.

"When I was a boy, at a time my parents

calmly. "And you take my word that I'll find the case to which it belongs in your consulting room."

The excression basing over the doctor's face assured Catheart that his hazard had been a winning one.

Dorison experienced a revulsion and was deceived, supposing that, unobserved by him the old detective had made the discovery the previous evening when the doctor was examining his arm.

"Yes, you carried the lancet in your vest pocket the night you went to Bleecker st. to kill that poor girl." continued Cath.

"Yes, you carried the lancet in your vest pocket when you hurried to East lith st. carried the same man."

The turn is to kill the poor mother in the same man.

The was defined eminence in my profession. But I began wrong, The wrong was beganned in my profession. But I began wrong, The word of common had occurred.

Taking out a memorandum book he began making out a memorandum book he began making out a fixed beauting you and that of the old gentleman rushed up and embraced in my profession. But I have already achieved eminence in my profession. But I began wrong, The cather wrong of common had occurred.

Taking out a memorandum book he began making out a fixed point of common had occurred.

To calm you composed, so inscrutable was be that Dorison, wound up to a pitch of the old gentleman rushed up and embraced in my profession. But I have already achieved eminence in making entries as coolly as if nothing out of common had occurred.

To coalm so composed, so inscrutable was be that Dorison, wound up to a pitch of the old gentleman was defented and the observed with submy him, beside John Dorison, wound up to a pitch of the old gentleman rushed up and embraced in making out of common had

nng. To escape the consequences of that error Itilied her. not purposely, but the result was the same, a fet-rey Farish. Then I amployed him to assist me in covering my tracks. He was already bad, and I amployed him to assist me in covering my tracks. He was already bad, and another and larger crime, and had to run away. In Indianacolis he was detected in another and larger crime, and created by Fassett. When he had finished the physician stemly, and another and larger crime, and created by Fassett. When he had finished the physician stemly, and another and larger crime, and created by Fassett. When he had finished the physician stemly, and another and larger crime, and created by Fassett. When he had finished the physician stemly, and another and larger crime, and created by Fassett. When he had finished the physician stemly, and another and larger crime, and created by Fassett. When he had finished the physician stemly, and another and larger crime, and created by Fassett. When he had finished the physician is not many the physician stemly, and the physician stemper crime and they made may be proposed to the physician stemper crime and they made may be physician, so that they could rob.

"An the mysterious roboteries" said controvery on heredity, I could make the physician stemper crime and they made may be physician and they made and they made another the physician stemper crime and they made another physician stemper crime and they made another physician stemper crime and they made the physician stemper crime and they made another physician stemper crime and they made another physician stemper crime and the physician stemper crime and the physician stemper crime and the

the old detective pulled off his wig and beard.

"Simon Cathcart. You know me."
As he declared himself, he had snifted his position so that Langdon for the first time saw Fassett bound in his chair.

"Oh!" he cried, in a rage. "You have given me away, have you? This is what your independence meant, is it? Well. Simon Cathcart, do you know what this man is? He is a "! know what he is well enough." interputed the old man. "! know, too, that I are the leader of the new gang of huse." The is a fina out.

"He is a fina out."

"He is a fina out."

"I have you."

"He is a fina out."

"I have you."

"I have you."

"The is a fina out."

"You two must witness this—my will. It is brie. Let me read it.

"I, Arthur Fassett, physician and surgeon, being of sound mind and health, but in the face of death for crime committed, do will and bequeath all the property, whether it is money, stock, bonds, chattels, houses or real estate of whatever kind of which I am possessed at my death, to the Home Hespital."

"I have no relatives," he added bitterly. "My family have all died either in prison or the gallows. Se no one will."

"The improvement of the mean of the mean of the will."

"The improvement of the institute of the mean of the will."

"You two must wituess this—my will. It is brie. Let me read it.

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"I, Arthur Fassett, physician and surgeon, being of sound mind and health, but in the face of death for crime committed.

"I, Arthur Fassett, physician and surgeon, being of sound mind and health, but in the face of death for crime committed.

"I have a final rupted the old man. "! know, too, that I have the leader of the new gang of burgars, when I have you."

"He is a fine one to 'peach.'" growled Langdon, viciously. "Send me up! Send me up! I'll be out some time to make hell for him."

"You will never be out in time to de that." emotions.
Having appended his own name, he harded this to Catheart.
At this moment there was a stir at the front door. Catheart told Dorison to admit the officers. As they entered the room the old detective said:

"You will never be out in time to do that," said the physician, with a bitter and conthe officers. As they entered the room the old detective said:
"Handculf this man.',
"It is useless," said the physician. "I do not intend to resist."
"Perhaps," replied Cathcart, dryly and cynically, "Do as I tell you, officers."
The physician said appealingly:
"Let me sit here a moment—only a moment—it will not be for long. I shall not detain you long—long—it is—not—for—"
Cathcart sprang to him...
The physician's chin had fallen on his breast and nis eyes were glazed and rolling. He roused up with an effort.
"It is near the end," the said chokingly. "I have taken poison. Death grips me. In forty seconds I will be dead. I had it all ready for this emergency."
He sank immediate y into a stupor, and within the time he had predicted his heart ceased to beat. said the physician, with a bitter and contemptuous laugh.

Something in the tone and manner of the physician disconcerted Langdon, yet he stroye to maintain his air of bravado.

"You can't make a long term of it," he said to the detective. "You've first got to prove I was in any of the jobs."

"The charges against you are plenty, so are the proofs." remarked the old man. "For instance, you can be charged with inciting the attempt to murder my friend here—John Dorison."

"Who?" almost screamed Langdon. "That John Dorison? He?"

here—John Dorison."
"Who?" almost screamed Langdon.
"That John Dorison? He?"
"Yes," calmiy replied Cathcart, "John Dorison, son of Reuben."
"My G——!" he exclaimed, overwhelmed.
"Yes," quietly repeated the old man. 'It is not a pleasant thing to think that you endeavored to have your half brother killed, is it?" what can this mean?—Dudley? Dori-"But then," continued Cathcart, "that is not so bad as assisting in the murder of your "like heard Cathcart say." mother and Sister."
"No. no. no. or!" cried Langdon, frightened and horrified, "No. not that. I am bad enough, but not that. Oh heavens. no! Not

He was not, at all events, taken unawares:
for stepping lightly aside, he caught the doctor by the throat, and would have himself incapacitated the infuriated man without the assistance promptly given him.

"You will not do another," he said fiercely to his prisoner.

Firmly held by the officer, with his armst twisted behind his back, the doctor was helpless. To make his hold more secure, the officer placed his knee against the doctor's back and bent him over backwards.

In impotent rage the doctor gnashed his "How do you know this? It is a lie! It is a lie! You couldn't have known it," he cried huskily.

He was not, at all events, taken unawares:
they were torn in your struggle with the though but not that. Oh heavens, no! Not hat, I am bad the hough but not that. Oh heavens, no! Not hat, I am bad the hough but not that. Oh heavens, no! Not hat, I am bad the hough but not that. Oh heavens, no! Not hat, I am bad the hough but not that. Oh heavens, no! Not hat, I am bad the hough but not that. Oh heavens, no! Not hat. I am bad the hough but not that. Oh heavens, no! Not hat, I am bad the hough but not that. Oh heavens, no! Not hat. I am bad the hough but not that. Oh heavens, no! Not hat. I am bad the hough but not that. Oh heavens, no! Not hat. I am bad the hough but not that. Oh heavens, no! Not be hough but not that. Oh heavens, no! Not be hough but not that. Oh heavens, no! Not be hough but not that. Oh heavens, no! Not be hough but not that. Oh heavens, no! Not be hough but not that. Oh heavens, no! Not be hough but not that. Oh heavens, no! Not be hough but not that. Oh heavens, no! Not be hough but not that. Oh heavens, no! Not be hough but not that. Oh heavens, no! Not be hough but not that. Oh heavens and the hough but not that. Oh heavens and hough but not that and he he hough but not that and he he and spoken him.

The old detect

his manner that the detective had spoken the truth.

"Well," said Cathcart, "you were right. They did fall into the hands of the police. Here they are," he continued, as he drew from his pocket the package he had taken from Fassett's safe.

"Here are the forged checks and notes of hand against Reuben Dorison, the payment of which through your poor mother, and of further sums to prevent your prosecution, ruined Reuben Dorison, your father. Those will send you up for another term. You can be kept out of harm's way for many years."

the traiting of the third of the public Here they are." he continued, as he drew from his power they are." he continued, as he drew from his power they are." he continued, as he drew from his power they are the torsed cheeks and notes of hand against flowben Dorison, the narmount of trither sums to provest your present them are the torsed cheeks and notes of hand against flowben Dorison, wour father. Those will send you up for another term, and the state of the third of third of the third of third of the third of third of the third of third of third of third of the third of third of the third of third of the third of third of the third of third of

he buckled it on the wrists of the physician.
Then, and not until then, he removed the handcuffs and placed them on Langdon, his hands crossed behind his back.
"Now you can go," said he, "and arriving there send two men at once. Hurry you, and let them have."

and let them hurry."
As the officer left the apartment with
Langdon, Cathcart sat down at the writingwith an agility his years scarcely warranted. Taking out a memorandum book he began the old gentleman rushed up and embraced

ceased to beat.

Overcome by this culmination of the past

hour's excitement, weakened as he was by the injury he had received. Dorison fainted.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CATHCART CLOSES HIS BOOKS.

"It was concealed in that locket. He opened it in his mouth. I ought to have my head cuffed for not taking precautions. "It is better as it is." said Dorison.

They walked some distance before Cathert part rapid

"Mr. and Mrs. John Dorison, two children and maid." An old gentleman, tall and distinguished,

ing up of the gang-plank.

When the plank was placed in position,

"A voman was der glinging vine, Und man the shturdy oak." Budt, den dimes oudt off nine, I find me oudt dot man himself

Und he was shust "tead proke," Und peen der shturdy oak.

Und which der glinging vines? Ven stekness in der housholdt come

Und cools dot fefered prow? Dot oak he glings to, now. "Man vants budt leedle here pelow."

I dink id means, inshtead; Und when der years geep rolling on, Dher cares und droubles pringing, He vants to pe der shturdy oak Und also do der glinging.

Und don'd so shturdy peen, Der glinging vines dhey hat some shance To helb ruh life's masheen; In helt und sickness, shoy and pain, In calm or shtormy veddher,

Should always gling togeddher "Little Dot," the Mining Queen. Mrs. F. J. Lakel of Castle. Mont., has remarkable history. She was born in a California mining camp, and was known all over the country as "Little Dot." Before learning to read she could assort the rock

study nothing else.

[Racket.]
I awyer (after persistent inquiry)—You say

"Do you always practice what you "I do, my brother," said the long-winded minister solemnly.

you sing at Sunday school today?

Johnny Dumpsey—Oh, a boss hymn, pa! It began like this—"I am a little greenhorn in a half of cheese."

man went down to make a day of it. arriving at Mt. Tom at 8.10, and when he caught the fish he thought he had done well enough CONCLUSION.

Early in the summer of 1889 the Gallia arrived at the port of New York, after a when to stop.

peror of China as the ground trembled beneath his feet.
"No," said the vizier; "the hammock

DeVere?
Mr. DeVere (sotto voce)—Gad! I thought
they were high shough about half an Lour

[New York Sun.]

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.]
I don'd vas preaching vomun's righdts,
Or anyding like dot,
Und I like to see all beoples
Shust gondented mit dheir lot;
Budt I vants to gondradict dot shap

Dot made dis leedle shoke: Berhaps, somedimes dot may pe drue;

t's vhen der voman shteps righdt in,

Und veeks und veeks he shtars, Who was id fighdts him mitoudt resht
Dhoes yeary nighdts und days?

Der boet von time said; \*
Dhere's leedle dot man he don'd want,

Maype, when oaks dhey gling some more,

miny heard Catheart say:
"He has cheated the gallows."
When Dorison was restored the old detective was bathing his head. Looking about him he saw the physician stretched upon the floor, calm in death. 'Tvas better dot dose oaks und vines

was mineralogy, and, in fact, she would

ing places. A few years afterward her father lost his mines and died, and "Little Dot" was left to look out for herself. She moved to Castle. Mont., and has been there ever since.
Until a few months ago she was the only woman in the State personally engaged in mining. She is an owner as well as a part-ner in three or four mines.

One Thing He Was Able to Recall.

Witness-Possibly not sir. lawyer-Is there anything you can re-

The Size of Royal Heads. head, the hatters say, and his size is 71/

face. His brother, Prince George, takes a 698. The emperor of Germany, who has a very uneven head, takes a 698. So does the duke of Teck.

An Accommodating Suitor. "Where are you off to?" "To apply for the hand of one of M-, the

[Burlington Free Press.]
Mr. Dumpsey—Well, Johnny, what did

(New York Sun.)
"Is there an earthquake?" asked the Em-

Vas been der glinging vine; Und ven hees frendts dhey all vas gone.

Shust go oup to der pase pall groundts
Und see dhoes "shturdy oaks"
All planted roundt ubon der sents—
Shust hear dheir laughs und shokes!
Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs,
Mit glothes oudt on der lines; Vich vas der shturdy oaks, mine frendte

Who beace und gomfort alvays prings,

and pick out the good ore. Her first study When a piece of new ore was found the first thing the miners did was to get "Little Dot's" opinion of its value. When a youage rison:
"Come. We will go."
Dorison followed him out into the street, feeling as if he had escaped from a charnel house. They walked to 4th av., indeed to the Bowery before either spoke. Then in the first thing the miners did was to get "Little Dot's" opinion of its value. When a young woman she went to Europe for a course of study, but soon left the seminary for the practical fields of Newcastle and other miners did was to get "Little Dot's" opinion of its value.

you cannot recall the matter? Witness -I can't, sir.
Lawyer-Your recalling faculty isn't very

which I was questioned a great deal by a lawyer who knew very little.

Fulfilling a Large Contract. preach?" asked the tired deacon of the long-winded minister.

sigh. "I don't wonder then that you don't seem to get any time to make any pastoral

(Pall Mall Gazette, 1)
The Prince of Wales wears bell-shaped silk hats. He pays 25 shillings each for them. He has a remarkably even-shaped Prince Albert Victor only takes & 634.

banker's daughters." "That depends. If he looks pleasant I'll take the youngest; but if he's cross, the

(The Jester.)
Clara (coyly adjusting roses which Alger-

She-Let this "no" be final. He-With all my heart. Then the next ime I propose you must say you.

CATHCART CLOSES HIS BOOKS,
Dorison had sustained another shock, and
he was carried into the consulting room.
The attendant, still sixting at the door and
unconscious of the tragedy enacted in the
inner room, was despatched for brandy,
which, being administered to Dorison, restored him a second time.
Cathcart went back to give instructions
to the officers. Reappearing he said to Dorrison:

Witness-I can recall another occasion on

"Well," said the tired deacon, with a

The brim of his hats are enormously arched, to take off the effect of his long

Fannie Dumpsey (indignantly)—It wasn't any such thing, pa! It was. "I am a little gleaner in the harvest sheaves." Fisherman and Philosopher. [Northampton Gazette.]
An eight-pound bass was caught in the

season is beginning in America, and the vibration is only the effect of people failing

non has brought her to wear to the theatre)
-Do you think these are high enough, Mr.

#### Boston Weekly Globe. SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890.

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thou art cold or warm, if thou art doing thy duty; and whether thou art drowsy or satis fied with sleep, and whether ill spoken of or praised."-M. Aurelius Antoninus.

in an excellent article on "Summer been of a pretty poor kind.

summer than they are told that their proper who cannot find a minister. they retire to their cots, and then the old work can be well done, even if one is worn demanded and then sanctioned the emancifolks sit in a semi-doze for a while, feeling and tired. Creative work, when not quan- pation of the slaves. When all the political

to be able to rise with the lark.

hour of the day when the earth and the the year. to chills and fever not to venture out until mountain or the country. And the man the ground by the sun.

out in his article is the fact that there is | walk alone. little rest secured in closing one's business early so long as the winter custom of early opening is kept up. The real standard of summer rest is the number of hours of sleep | If you are not a subscriber to THE secured, as compared with the waking WEEKLY GLOBE, you can try THE WEEKLY hours. The business man at the suburban GLOBE two months for only 10 cents. That seashore rises early, at the very coolest 10 cents will give every member of your most refreshing, and liurries off to family more valuable and entertaining hour of the day, when sleep is business. The children are roused up to reading matter than can be procured in any breakfast, too. The result is that by night- family weekly now published. It will give fall the whole family are sleepy, and as them every week the best features of the early as 9 o'clock in the evening one may large illustrated monthly magazines, with Ocean Spray or any similar retreat, and particular attractions for women and boys find the majority of those who have not and girls. already gone to bed dozing in their chairs Now is the best time to have your trial inside, while the most refreshing breezes subscription begin.

are blowing in from the ocean. We should not care to advocate late hours as a principle; but not to adjust one's habits to the seasons, on no better authority than the chickens, may be carried to the point of ANICSUMMER the chickens, may be carried to the point of narrow subservience to a hygienic dogma. A ROMANCE OF BAFFLED HYPNOTISM." If tender children, after an exhausting summer's day, beg to tarry in the cool and vitalizing evening breezes, why should they be driven to bed, when the cool morning to follow is before them? And one of these of the world, are the authors. days business men will find that there is just as much, and even more, in late opening as in early closing during the heated

#### A GREAT LITERARY CURIOSITY.

THE GLOBE calls the attention of its by showing this instalment of the new readers this week to the most ingenious story. novel ever constructed. This great work of fiction is entitled "HIS FLEETING IDEAL; OR. A ROMANCE OF BAFFLED HYPNOTISM.

We say that this will be the most ingenious novel ever written. Not only is the plot vastly entertaining, but the method of construction is unique. There have been In compliance with requests, and to ex- zovels written by two persons, but this will tend an opportunity to all who are not now subscribers, THE WEEKLY writers is a person of national, and some are of world-wide, reputation. Each writer will contribute one of the tweive chapters. and the whole will be so ingeniously blended together as to make a connected and power-The list of chapters and writers is too

> good to be omittedehere. It is as follows, and should be read by all: By H. W. Ballou, author of "A Ride on a Cy- from position and office the best elements

lone," "The Bachelor Girl." "The Cup That Slipped," by ELLA WHEELER

"A Great Mixing of Pickles," by Maj. ALFRED

"One Purpose and Two Ends," by ALAN DALE. "Two On a Trial," by WILLIAM F. Hows, assisted by ABE HUMMEL.

"Check! To the Wrong One?" by PAULINE HALL "One Thread Breaks," by Inspector BYENES.

"Collisions and Collusions," by NELL NELSON. "Expedience of Despair," by MARY EASTLAKE.

"Fists Fly and a Wife is Forgotten," by John L "Lena Makes a Discovery," by P. T. BARNUM.

n." by BILL NYE. This is a great array of talent, literary and other. Those who fail to read this remarkable story will miss one of the greatest literary treats of the century. GLOBE pays the largest commission to able story will miss one of the greatest literary treats of the century.

#### VACATION RELIGION.

against the wickedness of so many minis- of a century, of whom AARON BURR may be ters going to Europe. I saw one of the named as a conspicuous example. regulation style of articles the other day,

Now, with this general idea as a text, I wish to make a few practical remarks.

1. I never bet: but I believe any man who is fool enough to risk his money in the persons called politicians, or have they in Louisiana lottery or the stock market, might safely risk a small sum in betting on nished the means by which the actors have the fact that writers of these articles never | been advanced to posts of distinction? see the inside of a church once a year. It

cents. It costs only 10 cents in com- at the same time know that religion is some. States by the choice of the people. Can it bination with The Weekly Globe. thing a little larger than Sunday morning be alleged, with any justifying show of

for a few weeks on his own resources. or three years ago. A boy is sitting on the names to which any suspicion attaches, steps of a church. A man comes along and and in neither case do the actual facts says, "Sonny, whose house is this?" where- rise to the dignity of evidence. WASHINGupon the smart boy replies. "It's God's

Very bright, indeed! But a man whose God can be looked in or out of any particular building, and who can do business with were made. Judged by the voices of God only through an agent-such a man has contemporaneous critics they were each a kind of God who is hardly worth finding, and all unworthy of confidence, but when and a religion that might as well be lost. fighting a battle. And as battles are fought | vindicated and their public policy was susin the field and in the face of the energy, so tained. Thus did the people anticipate the

religion finds its true field in the practical | verdict of history. problems of life. If I could not trust my Nor is the bishop on stronger ground HEALTH AND SLEEP IN SUMMER. think the work of the last few years had ple. They sometimes err, but upon a great

OSWALD, in the July Chautauquan, asks the about some person in great want of a min- that the glorious obscurity of their names bold question: "What strange prejudice ister and no one to be found. If there is any shields them from the charge of inconcan have originated the custom of sending man in Boston this summer who cannot sistency. It is, however, only on rare occaour children to bed just when the evening find a minister, I feel sure it will be some sions that they find themselves compelled becomes pleasantly cool, when flowers one who has not kept very good run of the to retrace their steps. They carried through breathe their sweetest perfume, and fawns ministers during the winter. There are the war of the revolution, they sanctioned and young rabbits leave the shadow of the thousands of people whose interest in and ratified the Constitution, they gave a thickets to play on moonlit mountain mead- religion is entirely of the post mortem continuing support to the administration of

in well-regulated New England families tity but quality is at stake, demands a fresh errors of the people are marshalled, massed

that they too, should retire early in order brain and the best condition. I know I can and written down, they can only appear indo more work and better work in ten significant, utterly, when compared with The traditional early riser of New Eng- months than I can in twelve. I feel, then, these triumphs of reason and wisdom exland is by no means above criticism. He is that my vacation is as much a part of my hibited during the entire century of our always out just at the very unhealthiest duty to my parish as is any other part of national life.

derstood in many sections the South that of religion is character and conduct. So the nation. the doctors warn persons who are sensitive field of religion may be the seashore, the the early worm has been driven back into who cannot find scope for his religion during vacation may justly suspect that his But what Dr. Oswald is trying to point particular variety of religion is too weak to

M. J. SAVAGE.

A GREAT STORY FOR TEN CENTS.

The most original and interesting Amer ican story ever written begins this week. You ought to read every chapter of it.

Twelve famous American men and women, headed by P. T. Barnum, the great showman, and John L. Sullivan, champion

You cannot afford to miss reading it. When you subscribe, ask some of your

neighbors to subscribe with you. Send for circular of agents' commission. Every agent can form a large club easily

plied until it ends.

DEFENCE OF THE PEOPLE'S RULE.

Bishop POTTER, in his Phi Beta Kappa oration, has indulged in the illusions that are common to the class in politics to which he has attached himself. The sum and substance of his discourse may be stated in a single sentence: Those who do not rule are better qualified to rule than those who do rule. Nor does he limit this proposition to the present administration, nor even to the present age, but he applies it to the country as a whole and for the period of our national existence. If his statement were true it would lead to the conclusion, inevit ably, that popular government excludes

of society. He sets before the youth of Harvard and of the country, and as the results of his observation and appearance, those qualities or features of public life, which, as he asserts, have thus far in our history characterized the conduct of public men, and in many particulars they are such as no self-respecting person can justify or

The shouts and struggles of the arena are so coarse and selfish and unintelligent, the influences that xpression-the power of attracting and attaching

If an answer can be found to these disparaging observations it must be found in the history of the country. As the charac-It seems to be that this is just about the | ter of the eleven or ten disciples who retime for a sensible word or two on this sub. mained faithful is not to be fixed by the ject. This is the first Sunday in July, and | conduct of Judas Iscariot, as the fidelity so the first Sunday in the vacations of a of the officers and men of the war for good many churches and ministers. It is independence was not touched by the therefore about the time when certain treachery of BENEDICT ARNOLD, so neither people begin to protest, through the news- can the general currents of our public life papers, against the closing of so many be tainted by the vices of exceptional churches in the summer, and particularly characters who have appeared in the space

Bishop POTTER would not advise a young copied for the New York Sun. It is too man to shun the ministry nor caution a long to quote; but it purported to be the young woman against the sacraments. voice of an aggrieved business man lifted for the reason that there have been men in up in righteous indignation over the neglect | the church who have dishonored the Chrisof duty on the part of ministers, while he | tian name and profaned its ministrations and other business men were compelled to That there have been dishonerable, disreputable, dishonest struggles in politics no one will deny, but the ultimate and important questions are. have those struggles involved more than a meagre minority of the any considerable number of instances fur-

Consider the long line of men, most of s not the really religious people who are so them eminent men and a few of them concerned lest religion should die out illustrious men, when tested by any standard that has been set in the ages, who have 2. People who are religious and sensible been called to the presidency of the United of religion perhaps he had better be thrown the position by the use of any corrupt methods? The name of JEFFERSON and I saw a very good newspaper witticism two the name of the second Adams are the only TON, JEFFERSON, JACKSON, LINCOLN and The Fanciers' Review is a large 16- house; but he ain't in, and his agent's gone GRANT are five great personages in our presidential annals, and they were the five presidents against whom the most bitter. violent and unserupulous personal attacks judged, as they were judged, by the masses A church building bears about the same re. "the plain people," as Mr. Lincoln characlation to real religion that a drill hall does to terized them, their personal conduct was

people loose for a few Sundays. I should when he disparages the wisdom of the peoquestion of public policy they never persist Health: How to keep it," Dr. FELIX L. 3. Once in a while there is an outery in a mistake. Of the masses it may be said religion is entirely of the post mortem ows?"

This question is aimed squarely at the time-honored New England superstition that children should retire with the chickens. No sconer do the little folks begin to enjoy the cool evening breezes of supermer than they are told that their proper.

This question is aimed squarely at the seemed to me that if I could get along without a minister all my life I would not trouble begin to enjoy the cool evening breezes of supermer than they are told that their proper.

That's no rabontinuing support to the administration of Washington—Jay treaty and all; they carly saw the advantages to be derived from the acquisition of Louisiana and Florida; they resisted the extension of slavery; they furnished the men, the begin to enjoy the cool evening breezes of supermer than they are told that their proper. lic opinion by which the war for the Union place is in bed. With pleading and sobs 4. Another word. Routine or mechanical was carried on, and at the end they first

under stratum of atmosphere are loaded And thep, lastly—it is always expected claims to leadership of that class, which, in being prepared at our London establishment for some European royalties—the Princess with noxious vapors, which the sun's rays that a minister will say "lastly"-it is time the words of the bishop, "represent the Mary of Teck and her daughter, the young have not yet carried off. So well is this un- that people learned that the heart and soul trained thought and ampler learning of the Princess Victoria, who, if Dame Rumor be

#### THE BOY AND GIRL WINNERS.

The prices for short stories, written by boys and girls, are awarded as follows:

years old, and author of "CHING CHANG: OR, THE CHINESE GOD." Second prize to Annie L. Wange- in a tailor gown. man, 17 years old, and author of "NOT TO BE FOUND."

Third prize to Menzer S. Merrill, 15 years old, and author of "CHAR. LIE ANDREWS' REVENGE." Fourth prize to Walker E. Crosby.

author of "BOATING COTTON ON THE BROAD." Miss Helliwell's story, with her original llustrations, will be found on another page. Next week, Miss Wangeman's story will

The other wirming stories will follow the next two weeks, and then publication of the stories that failed to win, but are worthy to be printed, in compliment, will It is entitled "HIS FLEETING IDEAL; OR

> A new prize-story contest for boys and girls will be announced shortly.

#### AN IDEAL CAMP.

There is a bit of water in the Adirondacks that none knew of save one, and that one is myself. There did I live once for many months, and never a human face did I see while there, and never a sound made by man did I hear, save now and then the faraway echo of a rifle shot, which came to my ears in that sweet quietness as come, perhaps, memories of earth, Back numbers of this story will be sup- at intervals, to saintly ones in heaven. The shock of the explosion was so far away that its rolling wave of sound moved faintly through the silence of my little secluded lake without disturbing the heavenly stillness of it. There did I live in the world. but not of it, hearing nothing of its brutal gray, but is a mingling of both. noises and seeing none of its evil sights, and all the days went by without joit or jar, and the sweet-smelling nights floated past me like fragrant chips upon a waveless and

easily flowing tide. Info this sweet lake a point of sandy land ran out to a fitting distance. On it were great pines, lofty and of noble size. A gentle darkness like a dim, dry mist inhabited the purpose harmonic production of the serveless silver braiding upon the right hip, and the little jacket is bordered all round with a row of velvet. ited the upper branches, and so clung to the dusky foliage that the strong winds, even on a bright, gusty noontime, never could blow it away. Underneath the earth was carpeted with golden brown stems so that in walking on it the footfalls stirred no sound. Amid the piny needles the Indian pipes grew creamy white, and with them. here and there, a tuft of minute flowers, blue as sapphires. Their fragrance was so delicate that one must inhate gently if he would catch their fine, faint perfume,

They were fairy flowers to me. On one side the beach was golden-colored seamed here and there with the black dust ove the multitude are so frivolous or so sophistical, of 1ron. On the other side the sand was the atmosphere of parties is so largely obscured by prefudice or ignorance, that, after the first generous lever of the enthusiasm of citizenship which comes ith youth, a very considerable, and by far the most a coy and gentle way. Reclining on the with youth, a very considerable, and by lar the trained potential, element of those who represent the trained thought and ampler learning of the nation with draws from active concern for its affairs and contents itself with being lookers-on. . . . A certain adroitness of mental quality—a gift of popular
sound with the ripples whigher in the beach. It was so unlike trading and money getting

At the end of it the point dropped abruptly and underneath, in the cool depths, lived the trout, Their backs were black, their fins were gold, their sides dotted with rich vermilion spottings. They were large and full of finny force and fire, and made great leaps and fell back into the water with a splash. More than once in the still nights was I awakened out of slumber by the sound of them.

I was an Adam and the world was new and without humans, and I made friends with animals. Nothing that God had made feared me. A mother loon, with her two little birdlings, minute bunches of soft lily pads without fear within a stone's played antics on my beaches. The ravens slept in the same pines under which I slept.

slept in the same pines under which same is some standard of the same pines under which is and harm of me.

I did no harm to any, and none thought harm of me.

Where is your little lake? I will not tell you. If you would love it you can find it, you. If you would love it you can find it. Seek and you shall find. But I dare say you seek and you shall find. But I dare say you plain, without even a pretence at a cuff.

REDFERN. to me it was an ideal camp. W. H. H. MURRAY.

#### EDITORIAL POINTS.

should not neglect to take a vacation by prayers. If a man thinks that is all there is evidence, that either of those men reached piecemeal. An occasional day off, or an occasional hour or two, if taken with frequency, will serve most of the purposes of a vacation. A vacation on the instalment plan is far better than none at all.

Sir EDWIN ARNOLD has been offered \$100,000 for a 6000-line poem. It looks as if Sir Edwin were a much bigger man than old Milton, who received only \$25 for "Paradise Lost,"

The Louisiana Lottery Company buys the right to gamble in that State for \$1,250,000 a year. It remains to be seen whether this contract includes the right to gamble in every State in the Union. Uncle Sam may take a heavy hand in the game yet.

[July Harper's.]

The old doctor and the old captain were fast friends, both inveterate jokers, and both, despite their aggregate six score years, rabid sportsmen. The doctor's frightyears, rabid sportsmen. The doctor's frightful stammer did not seem to impede the flow of a joke, nor did the captain's equatorial girth lessen his agility.

One afternoon the old men set out on a rabbit hunt. As they passed through an orchard something scurried into a burrow, "Arr-wist-rabbit!" shouted the doctor, "L.l-let's p-pull him out!" and kneeling at the hele he thrust his arm in up to the shoulder. "S-s-say!" he remarked after a moment's fumbling. "I c-c-wist-can't q-quite g-get h-him. Y-y-ub-you t-try it. John; y-y-ub-your arm's 1-longer than m.m.-wist-unine."

m.m-wist-nine."

The captain knelt and thrust his arm down. In an instant he was executing a war dance around the tree, waving a bloody

Lucky Not to Go by the Window. (Philadelphia Times.)
Her husband called the new nurse "birdie,"
A trifle which was doubtless true;
His wife she happened to hear him at it,
and out of the door the birdie flew.

## REDFERN'S ROYAL GOWNS.

NEW YORK, July 5.-This week I am enabled to offer to the readers of THE GLOBE In another paper we may consider the aglimpse of some charming costumes now not joking, may at some future day be GEORGE S. BOUTWELL. | called upon to reign as queen of England. That is, if her second cousin, facetiously known as "Collars and Cuffs," be fortunate enough to gain her favor, and so secure for edged to have greater claims to beauty than

any of the continental princesses. First prize to Mabel Helliwell, 15 face and blue-gray eyes, and is lucky face and blue-gray eyes, and is lucky enough to have such wide shoulders and swelling bust as are seen to best advantage



The costume here given is of a thin, smooth-finished c'oth in a delightful tint that is neither distinctly blue nor purely

The tight-fitting corsage and coat sleeves. and the border band upon the skirt are of bengaline, a shade darker, which has hair ines of old rose, which make a pretty con-Above this silk facing upon the skirt, and



The other gown for the elder princess, he brown down riding on her back, would mother, is less dressy, and, therefore, better suited to a stout, middle-aged woman, for, come at dawn and wake me with her long, sad to say, even princesses and royal highstrong call, then laugh to see me bathe my nesses are not exempt from the common face in the cool water at the beach's edge. infirmities and disabilities of womankind The squirrels loved my rice as well as I. We in general, and are made to learn that time has no respect for rank and station, lived in commons. The does ate the but sets its mark alike on queen and peas-

throw of my rifle. Their spotted fawns Therefore. Mary of Cambridge and Teck, being fat, and no longer of youthful con-tour, orders for herself a simple, un-trimmed gown of fine tweed, in an irrecu-larly striped mixture of light fawn color

THE WOMAN OF THE PRESENT.

[An Answer to "The Woman of the Future."] O! the woman of the present, she is good enough

Those who cannot take a long vacation, and 95 per cent of the population can't, And a more bewitching creature I would never care Her form is simply perfect, though she has not banished "stays,"
Like "the woman of the future," peering through

the misty "haze." The woman of the present studies sciences and arts Fair seeker after knowledge and the treasure it imparts,
Excelling now her lover—what will the poor man do

Whom the future finds unworthy to untile his dar-ling's shoe? The woman of the present has a reason to be For she is with noblest "virtues and accomplishments endowed," Nor will "the future woman be more modest in her

Or charm with sweeter melodies, or read profounder

The woman of the present cheers with gentle words and deeds;
With warm and glowing sympathy the call of duty The poor ask God to bless her for the charity and

As will glorify our planet while its days and nights endure;
She is stronger than her sister who the future "balltill it only drops whey very slowly, then add salt to The scene of harmless pleasure for our daughters

If "the woman of the future" shines with that intenser light "Never seen on land or sea," she'll destroy her "lover's" sight: Half blinded now am I when my lady smiles on me, And a more bewildering creature I should never dare to see.

The superhuman woman, pictured by our gentle

Cannot be by "lover" captured-he will fail of her So he need not "wait her coming, who will blossom like the rose,"
For this marvel of the future will not on his breast Richfield Springs, N. Y.

Another Testimonial.

"Is marriage a failure?" "Yes," replied Annette, as she gazed proudly at her ring-finger: "it is so far as Belie Filkins is con-



What This Man Thinks.

To the Editor of The Globe I think that the labor of the man who is paid 50 cents per day to the bank president who is paid \$50,000 per year is bought and sold same as straw-berries and potatoes, and the quality and supply and demand regulate the price of all. I also think that the laborers of the world would be no better off if their wages were 10 times higher than they are today, as the purchasing power of their wages would be 10 times less.

How the Churches Compare. To the Editor of The Globe; Perhaps some may be misled by your recent answer to the query which body of religionists in this country has the largest membership. Do not the Protestant bodies largely outnumber the Roman

Out of 20,667,318 communicants or church men bers of the various Christian bodies in this country, the Roman Catholic church is credited with 7,855, 294, its list including those who have received the crament of confirmation. The various Method odies number 4,723,881 communicants; Bap bodies, 4,078,579; Presbyterian bodies, 1,180,113 Lutheran bodies, 988,008. There are 450,042 com nunicants in the Episcopal church; 475,608 in the longregational body, and 277,572 in the Reformed butch and German denominations. Of course hurch membership is not of "constant quality;" the standard thereof differs in different sects .- [ED.

Books This Man Likes. To the Editor of The Globe: In answer to "Upson Downs," I would recommend what, in my opinion, are very good books t

"Dr. Butler's Catechism." "The Arabian Nights."
"Gulliver's Travels." "The Scottish Chiefs." "The Swiss Crusoe Family."
"The Tale of a Tub." "Hard Cash." Boswell's "Life of Johnson." Goldsmith's Poems. "The Lays of Ancient Rome." "Freney, the Robber."
"Tales of Red Rock." 'Gorey's Travels.' Stanley in Africa." "The Pilgrim's Progress."
"Luby's Career." "The Lives of the Saints."
"Don Quixote."
"Tomms and Harry."

William Mackey's Poems.

"Lalla Rookh."

"Adventures of Pat Dempsey."
"Tales of the Far West."

Byron's "Hours of Idleness." SAN TIALTY. Getting Into the Naval Academy. o the Editor of The Globe: Please let me know if a person has to be appoin y his congressman to enter the Naval Academy a

nuapolis or not. When there is a vacancy in his district, a membe of Congress has the right to name a candidate (who must reside in the district), for the Naval Academy The congressman gives notice of a competitive ex amination in many cases. Candidates must be be tween 14 and 18 years old, must be physically re bust and able to pass an examination in ordinar common school studies. The naval course is si years, two of which are spent at sea, and cadet must sign articles binding themselves to serve eigh years in the navy. The pay is \$500 a year.—LED.

Verdigris Versus Warts.

To the Editor of The Globe: To cure warts quickly and without pain or sore ness rub the wart so as to almost but not quite star the blood. Then apply verdegris, and do not pu your hands, or the wart at least, in water for som time. If the wart does not turn dark apply again The verdigris can be obtained from any piece of orroded brass or copper; or you can put a cent in corp and pour a very little vinegar upon it and cover tight and set in a warm place for a day and it will be covered with a green substance, which is a very easy way to get the verdigris. If well done this wil always cure. L. S. N.

Own Adjoining Lots.

A and B own adjoining lots. A has built dwelling house and placed sills within three feet of line B wishes to build a wheelright and iron working Can he place same on line? A has several windows looking toward B's lot. May B place windows opposite these. If not, how near? How near a dwelling house may a blacksmith shop be placed?
Where can public statutes be obtained.

1. Can build to your line, leaving room for eaves. 2. No law affecting blacksmith shops 1, Yes; 2, No.

I deserted from the United States navy in 1886. Am I liable to be apprehended for the same? Does the President on taking his seat pardon deserters!

Nephew's Portions. I would like to ask if a gentleman who is a bachelor should die leaving a large property, but no will, how it would be divided, he having only nephews and nieces living. Would it be divided into three shares, he having had two brothers and a sis ter, and that divided into equal shares with their children, or would it be divided among the nephews and nelces equally? Also, would the wife of one of he nephews (now deceased) have a share if she ha

It would be divided into three parts, and each of these parts into as many parts as there are nephew and neices representing the deceased brother or sin ter. The wife of deceased nephew would take noth

"Dependents."

Will you kindly tell us who are to be included in the dependent pension bill? Is it all those who herved in the late war, and are dependent solely you their own labor for support? Supposing a erson draws, say \$4 per month now, would be be utitled to \$8, providing he was dependent upon his abor for support. A speedy reply to this will inter

"Dependents" means dependents on a deceased It Would be Better to.do So. A man dies and leaves all his prop rty to his wid-walthough there are children. The will was pro-lated. Now is it necessary for her to render an ac-

unt a year after, when all the property was left to New York.

Is there any State where a person can get married and not have to be advertised in the papers and will

My husband and I have been separated three ears. I have one child. He told me if I wanted to get married again he would write me an agreemen that I could get married again with his consent.
Will Ihave to go to court? I get permission from
the judge? I am not able to get a divorce. Can he take my child? How long will I have to wait before I can get married if I leave this State? I go to another and get married without divorce, can be have me arrested?

You must get a divorce before you can marry.

The woman of the present is as "fragrant and as if it has not curdled at all, but if it is in curds heat

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## THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston.

Glimpses of It by a Chicago Reporter gers.

Standing, sitting, dancing pas-des-seuls in every available spot were the ladies of the not have to go to the town clerk or city clerk for a chorus. The chorus girl is a "jimp" creature, and at all stages of the game succeeds in looking remarkably cool and attractive. The ladies in question were a particularly pretty lot, and dressed in the nattiest of street costumes of a texture appropriate for

the weather. After a whispered colloquy Mr. Gresham called, "Now, ladies, we will commence," and commence they did in right good earnest. One of the dances was gone through by sections, time after time, while the atmosphere grew hotter and hotter as a scorohing wind blew in through the immense door leading to the alley.

You must get a divorce before you can marry.

The father is entitled to custody of child unless the court orders to contrary.

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The father is entitled to custody the court of the father is entitled to custody of child unless the court orders and there was a find and and all factors in a finally a rest was allowed. Those 40 girls gathered in a knot cut of finally a rest was allowed. Those 40 girls gathered in a knot order was a leaf or and a half seconds by the stor-watch held by George Schiller at i. i. e. A little extended to make it in corns and a half seconds by the stor-watch held by George Schiller at i. i. e. A little extended and and a half seconds by the stor-watch held by George Schiller at i. i. e. A little extended to make it richer. Add a little more sait than out into a present of the stage, and, deliberately divesting the rest of the stage, and, deliberately divesting the res

THE BOUNDING BALLET.

took especial care, in the interest of this paper of course, to ascertain. They were black, gray, stripes running up and stripes with the stripes running around, broad stripes running around, broad stripes, stripes, half black and half pale blue or pink, plaid—in fact it looked like a State st. hosiery department full of "kick" and gone crazy.

Reading Wrong Burial Service. [Sheffield (Eng.) Telegraph.] A singular mistake occurred at the High-land Road cemetery, Southsea, at the interment of two gunners of the Royal Artillery who died in the garrison. The deceased in one case was a Presbyterian, and in the other a Roman Catholic, and the Rev. A.

Halliday, Presbyterian minister, and the Rev. Father Collins were in attendance to read over the funeral services peculiar to their respective churches. By some mistake the coffins got mixed. with the result that the funeral rites of the Roman Catholic church were performed over the body of the Presbyterian, while the burial service of the Presbyterian service was read over the remains of the Roman Catholic. Fortunately for the religious prejudices of those concerned, however, the mistake was discovered befere the actual interment, and matters were put right by the services being read over again after the coffins had been arranged.

Adapting It.

[New York Sun.] "Lige!"
"Yes, Mr. President." "Is it not the custom of rulers to style themselves 'we?' "It is your excellency; but if you were to

#### you to spell the word with an additional A Sensitive Soul

adopt that custom it would be necessary for

"Open your eyes, George. What's the matter with you?" said the occupant of a corner seat in a crowded car. "Mind your business. I'm going to keep 'em shut. I hate to see women stand in horse cars," replied George, settling down in his own seat.

#### A Colt Adopted by a Cow.

A voung colt in Minnesela, Dak., recently lost its mother by accident, and has been adopted by a cow. The cow has a calf. but seems to divide her affection equally be-



Couldn't Answer.

(Harper's Bazar.) "Now, boys, we have 10 minutes for questing the story of Marie Pitou, the French tions. Is there anything you'd like to have explained?" said the teacher in mythology.

In the appears to be considerable interest in the story of Marie Pitou, the French maid, who came to the oil country in 1875, and is now a heavy speculator on the New rplained?" said the teacher in mythology. and is now a heavy speculator on the New York stock market.

poll-owe?"
The substance of the story is as follows, as related by Mme. Blank: "Is it proper to say he is, or large queried Johnny."
In what respect did Jupit-err?" put in Georgie.

But there came no answer. The teacher thrashed them soundly and sent them home to their Mars.

"My maiden name was Marie Pitou. I came to America in 1875 with William and Robert creaves and their wives. I was engaged as maid to Mrs. Robert Greaves. These gentlemen were wealthy and owners, and also had large interests in Glasgow, Scot.

A Proper Epitaph.

[The Jester.] Widow-I wish to order a tombstone for my husband's grave, and I want a nice epi-

Stonecutter-Yes'm. May I ask your hus-Widow-Well, he was a-a-a professional card player.
Stonecutter — H.m.m.m. How would "Waiting for the last trump" suit, do you think, madam?

#### An Open Eye to Business.

[Jewellers' Circular.
Timpany (jeweller)—Say, Bobby, come here, and tell me, like a good little boy, if you ever heard your sister Gwendoline say

Bobby—Yesterday she said to mamma, that it would be a good thing for you if you married her, as then the wedding-ring would cost you nothing and all her friends would buy the presents at your store; and perhaps you might sell them afterward.

Making It Pleasant for Him. [Chicago Tribune.]

Georgo (to visitor)—Why, Mr. Peduncle.
you couldn't have been very badly hurt. I
don't see any bandages on you.
Visitor—Why, Georgie, I haven't been
getting hurtlately, so far as I can remember.
"On. yes, you have. I heard my papa say you were badly mashed on yourself."

The Brave Von Toodles.

"Henry!" cried Mrs Von Toodles, grasping her somnolent husband by the arm; "Henry! There are burglars in the house! Get right up, and go down!"
"Utter nonsense, my dear." returned Henry, "You wouldn't have a man of my locial position associating with burglars would you? You astonish me!"

Bobby-Mamma, what do they mean whe they say a thing is between the devil and the deep sea? Mamma (who has imbibed newspaper ideas of the city of the unsalted sea)—Oh! they mean any place between Chicago and, the Atlantic.

Ethel—When angels come upon earth, mamma, are they in disguise?
Mamma—Yes, dear; why do ask?
Ethel—Because I heard Cousin Frank say to papa this morning that you were an angel, and papa said perhaps you were, but that you must be one in disguise.

Reminded Her of Another Puppy. Frank—Why, you wouldn't kiss that ugly deg? I'm surprised!
Maud—Oh. I can't help it, you know. He looks so much like the Count de Grus whom papa wouldn't buy for me when we were in Europe.

Moral: Don't Marry Your Aman-

Beggs-I wonder why Mrs. Jaggs won' let her husband employ a female typewrite: Forgs-Don't you know? She was his, former typewriter operator herself.

Mr. Hochstein—Young Mr. Smackstein won the hearts of more ladies, probably, ill make a sphlendid beesiness man. Kevill make a sphlendid beesiness man. R ecca.
Mrs. Hochstein Vy you tink so, Isaac?
Mr. Hochstein—Ach, venn he ist mit our
heraida courtin', he sharges a hundert per
ect. for every kiss be gifs her and takes
podder!

Not Meditating Suicide.

Tramp-Haven't you something you can give me today?
Lady of the house—Here are some nice fresh biscuit my daughter made. She has just graduated from cooking school.
Tramp—I don't care for any, thank you.
I draw the line there.

She Thought it Was Time.

Delby-Sorry I lost my temper, the truth is I'm not well, but when we get into the air I'll be cuite another man.
Mrs. Delby-I hope so. I'm getting tired of the old one.

Making Her More Tired Still.

"You look real tired." "I am."
"Well. I don't see what tired you. You danced less than any girl in the room."

When the Goat Would Go Off, Too, Mrs. Brown—Do you see any fun watching that goat and the tomato-can?
Little Johnny—There'll be plenty of it as soon as the cracker goes off.

The Biter Badly Bitten.

It doesn't do to be too careful. The man who bit a quarter, and found that it was bad, left it in such shape that he couldn't pass it anywhere.

A.—Did you hear that the thief and desperado. Buckshot Jack, had been killed?
B.—No. Died with his bootson, I suppose.
A.—No, indeed. He died with another man's boots on. Robbed a shoe store.

De Smith (at church fair, where raffling is in progress)—This reminds me of a little incident that happened to me out West.
Esmerelda Longcoma—What was it? Esmerelda Longcoffin-What was it? De Smith-I was in a train when it was.

Cld man—Here. Thomas, get up; it is 4 o'clock; the birds are all up and a-singing.
Thomas—Well, I don't care. If the birds want to make fools of themselves let'em do it,

Agricultural Intelligence.

Matter of Fact. [Munsey's Weekly.]

tainly: "Each person is given a card on which are written the names of about a dignity performed. Greek draperies are dozen of the company. The receiver of the card has to talk for five minutes to each of the persons whose name is on the card taking them in regular order. At the end of each five prinutes a bell is rung, when the changes are to be made. When this plan is carried out it is impossible to divide into sets or cliques, and every one receives some attention. This plan is sometimes carried out with the addition of suggested subjects of conversation written on the card."

Swimning Beauties.

When Aristocratic Girls Make Their Blue Blood Tingle in the Water.

From Poor French Maid to Wealthy



AST week I saw Miss Helen Gould shoot through 34 feet of water with one stroke saw Ella Wheeler-Wilcox stand upon a springing board many feet above the water.

white arms above her water seven feet deep. She came up 20 feet from where she went down, shaking her head like a water spaniel and smiling as a sea nymph. Miss Florence Schieffelin was there, too. "Taking my last dip," she said, "I go to the country tomorrow." I have seen Miss Florence at many society affairs, in many pretty gowns, but she never looked so pretty in her life as she did in her swim-ming costume of red and blue. Where were all these ladies? They were at Prof. Gebhard's swimming school or "natato-rium".

Gebhard's swimming school or "natatorium."

But the girls don't call it that. They say "the tank," or "the tub." or "the plunge," or any other good English word that they happen to think of. The day that I was there more than 40 ladies and children were in the water at once, and didn't they have fun! Jolly Mrs, Hudnut jumped up and down and round about like a little girl. Atter one particularly big splash she said: "I don't wonder the children like to play in the water."

Mrs. Dr. Loomis and her daughter, Miss Hecht. Miss Hayes and Mrs. Judge Howel are among the many well-known ladies who have learned to swim in this school. Mrs. Cleveland, too, has taken a course of lessons, and is a strong swimmer. A pretty young girl, with a brown curly head, was just learning, and Mrs. Unger, the teacher, had her hands full, for the younr lady was sure she was going to drown, and persistently refused to straighten herself out in the water, as she was told to do. For beginners there is a broad belt which goes round the body, with a iring is the back. This is fastened to a rope and pulley wheel, which runs on a little iron track above. Mrs. Unger stands on the platform with a long pole, which she uses either to pull her nuprl in or push her out to sea, as she sees fit.





the studio.
"These pictures?' says he. 'All right my boy; go ahead. If you can sell them I'll be much obliged to you. It's a derned sight more'n I can do.' With that he lighted up his pipe and went on painting as tranquil as a summer's day. I admired him and asked him out to have a drop of some-

of her arms. 1 also Points of Practical Experience in Keep-

Trip Inexpensively.

Hints for Wemen Travelling Alone in Lands Beyond the Sea.

Points of Practical Experience in Keeping Expenses at a Minimum.

[Emily A. Thackray in the Epoch.]

"Europe on Nothing-Certain a Year." was the title of a piquant article in the Century of October, 1886, written by a young woman whe frankly said, "I always thought I was born to see Europe." On the hope of \$300 per year to be won by literary work. Mary Weatherbee went abroad. She had won such a "dizzy height of literary sucess" that she could dispose of at least three manuscripts every year to first-class magazines, besides her short story market. After 15 years of hoping and yearning for Europe she had laid by \$300.29. On that sum and ner literary prospects she went abroad!

Her pluck and grit carried her through what would have killed many an ordinary woman. She herself says. "Not two women as the berefit as the colonial carried and the purchases, besides her short story market. After 15 years of hoping and yearning for Europe she had laid by \$300.29. On that sum and ner literary prospects she went abroad!

Her pluck and grit carried her through what would have killed many an ordinary woman. She herself says. "Not two women and the purch as the could be provided as the proposition of the sum and the purchases. The country in making small purchases. Those conditions are great cheats."

"Those Contains A tune the lining of your dross-waist, and on the other side fasten as the title carried her thag that bag to hold your circular letter. Thus you are erefectly says, and on the other side fasten as the serving hill be to ge arry in your pocket only enced carry in your pocket only not a centural bag. I had be a point or the carry in your pocket only enced carry in your pocket only enced carry in your pocket only enced carry in your pocket only nour pocket only enced carry in your pocket only enced carry in you

Her pluck and grit carried her through what would have killed many an ordinary woman. She herself says, "Not two women in ten thousand could do as we have done,

what would have killed many an ordinary woman. She herself says, "Not two women in ten thousand could do as we have done, been as we have borne, and be glad as we are glad." Still, some of her economies may furnish useful hints to those about to travel.

The still still some of her economies may furnish useful hints to those about to travel.

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The still still some of her economies may furnish useful hints to those about to travel.

The still still

The control of the co

of Dr. Arnoid, of Harriet Martineau, of John Ruskin, are easily accessible.

From grim old Glasgow you can take in Loch Lomond, see the spet made famous by the Falls of Inversnaid, Wordsworth's "Sweet Highland Girl," and linger on the mountain-clad shores of Loch Katrine.

Aglorious trip from Glasgow is that down the Clyde, past Arran, the Mull of Cantire. Tarbert and through the loch made famous by the wizard pen of William Black. Sea and mountains together make a fairy land.





orated here and there with bits of moss and clinging fern.

The scene has been painted by David Johnson and other well-known artists, and the people in the vicinity were exceedingly broud of it. When they made their regular weekly pilgrimage to the fall last Sunday they found that the metto crank had been hard at work.

All over the face of the rock was painted such phrases as "Hell, Heil, Beware of Hell:" "Repent or You Will be Damned:"
"Do You Think You Will Get Into Heaven?"

Rossuth in His Decline.

Some Italian journalists have interviewed Kossuth at Superga. He is affiicted with

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

Produce. Boston, Monday, July 7. BUTTER.—The condition of the butter market s fairly steady, but the demand is mainly for choice took. Other than best grade are dull and weak, with little demand. This condition is produced by the very large receipts and the disposition of buyers

g lb. EESE.—The market is quiet and prices are ing downward. The demand is slack and for grades only. The low grades are sluggish and est grades only. The low grades are suggisted explected.

We quote: New Cheese—New York extra, \$\pi\$ New ..., do lst, \$\int 7.4\pc; do, 2ds, 5\pi 60c; Vermoni xtra, \$\pi 8.5\pi 60c; do, dst, 7.6\pi 7.9\pc; do, 2ds, 5\pi 60c; Nace, \$\pi 9.9\pi part skims.\int 9.7\pc; cho; cho cstra \$\pi 7.7\pc; cho lsts, 6\pi 7.c. Skims.\pi 2.6\pi 30c; on cstra \$\pi 4.7\pc; cho lsts, 6\pi 7.c. Skims.\pi 2.6\pi 30c; on cstra \$\pi 4.7\pc; cho lsts, 6\pi 7.c. Lverpool quotations, white, 438 6d.

EGGS.—The market has experienced no great hange during the past week. Prices are firm on he finest grades, but the general trade is interfered with somewhat by the hot weather. The demand is clive for fancy near-by eggs, but these are in very gift receipt.

with somewhat by the hot weather. The demand is active for fancy near-by eggs, but these are in very light receivt.

We enote: Eastern extra, ...@16c; do, first, 15c; We mote: Eastern extra, ...@16c; Michigan, extra, 14d; e; Western, firsts, 13c; Nows Scotia and New Brunswick 1st. ...@14c % dox; P. E. Island, 1st., 13½@14c per dox; Near-by and Cane, fancy, 18@20c % dox.

BEANS,—The market is cull, with a full supply on band. White beans move slow at quotations. Yellow Eyes are in short supply and prices on them are firmly held.

Quotations: Pea, choice Northern hand-picked, \$2.10@2.20 % bush; do, New York, hand-picked, 200 % bush; do, screened, \$1.70@1.80; do 2ds. \$1.50@1.60; Medium choice, hand-picked, \$1.90 @1.03; do, screened, \$1.70@1.80; do 2ds. \$1.50@1.60; Medium choice, hand-picked, \$1.90 @1.93; do, screened, \$1.70@1.80; Yellow Eyes, extra, \$3.25@3.30; do, 2ds, \$2.90@3.15; Red Kidneys, \$3.50@4.400. extra, \$3.95.26.35; do, 2ds, \$2.90.23.15; Red Kidneys. \$2.50.40.00.

DOMESTIC FRUITS.—There are very few old apples left in the market. New green apples are coming in moderately, and sell fairly well at quotations. Evaporated continues in good demand. Strawberries have about some out of the market, and blackberries and raspherries have been arriving freely and are in good demand.

We quote: Apples—Russels, \$5.00.26.00 B bbl. Norfolk green apples, \$3.00.26.00 B bbl. Norfolk green appl

Strawberries, Dighton, 7@10c & quart; native, 12@18c & quart.
Blackberries, 10@12c; blueberries, 10@12c; raspberries, 1½ cup, 8@18c.

VEGETABLES.—The market is steady on potatoes and prices have advanced during the week, though the receipts have been liberal. Cucumbers are in moderate request. Asparagus has advanced and the call is limited. Lettuce is in ample supply. Onlons are quiet and unchanged.

New potatoes, Southern, \$3.00@3.50.

Lettuce & doz., 15@25c. Cabbage, new, @ barrel, \$1.75@2.00. Cucumbers, Norf'k., @ crate, 50@75c. Spinach, native, .@ .@ Bush. Onlons, Bermudas, @ crate, \$2.00@1.15. Squash, Marrow, \$1.75.20.00. District of the complex of the

Architecture. Designs and plans for houses, cot-tages, barns and other outbuildings, with valuable suggestions to those intending to build. Household. This great work contains tried and for breakfast, dinner and tea, this department alone being worth more than nine-tenths of the cook books sold; almost innumerable hints, helps and suggestions to housekeepers; designs, helps and thouse the cook suggestions to housekeepers; designs, helps and thouse the cook suggestions to housekeepers; designs, helps and helps an

numere points, dressed weight, ranged from \$5.50.

Prices per 100 lbs. live weight, ranged from \$2.00 to \$4.50.

Prices of Western beef cattle per hundred pounds live weight, ranged from \$4.00 to \$5.50.

Patters of Hidds. Tallow, SKINS, &c.

Cents \$1 lb.

Brighton hides. 64.0.

Brighton tall'w.4 @...
Country hides..5 @...
Country hides..5 @...
Country hides..5 @...
Calfskins......5 @...

Calfskins.....5 @...

Calfskins.....5 @...

Abreast of the Times. (Detroit Free Press.)

Louisv & Ev pri — Mexican Cen... 2784 MY & N Eng.. 5034 NY & N Eng.. 5034 NY & N E pref. 117 Old Colony\*... 1711/2 Oregon S Line... 44 Pt. dt Falls & C — Rutland pref... 701/2 Summit Branch — Union Factific ... 641/2 West Ern tows?

28 507/8 118 451/2

95/8

11/2

701/2 711/2

64½ 64⅓ 84 85 28 29½



the very large receipts and the disposition of buyers to hold off.

We quote: Creamery, Northern, extra, 18@16c; do, extra 1st, 13@14c; do, 1st, 11@12c; Franklin Co., Mass., extra creamery, box, 16@17; do, Dairy, extra, 15.0 do, N. Y., & V. t. extra 1st, 12@13c; do do 1st, 10@11c; Western dairy, extra 1st, 10@11; do, 1st, 10@11c; Western dairy, extra 1st, 10@11; do, 1st, 10@11c; extra 1st, 14@16c & ib.

It do, ladde-packed, extra 1st, 9@...; do, 1st, 6@8. Trank butter, 14 ho or 1½ hb prints, extra, 1t@17; extra 1st, 14@16c & ib.

There is little change to report in oleomargarine. And trade is very dull.

Oleomargarine—No. Four: 10, 13c & ib; 20, 12½ c; 30, 12½c; 50, 12c. Fort Washington: 10, 14c & ib; 20, 13½c; 30, 13½c; 50, 13½c. Frius 14c & ib; 20, 13½c; 30, 13½c; 50, 13½c. Frius 14c & ib; 20, 13½c; 30, 13½c; 50, 13½c. Frius 14c & ib; 20, 13½c; 30, 13½c; 50, 13½c. Frius 14c & ib; 20, 13½c; 30, 13½c; 3 it the best magazine in the world for the money.

> MRS. LOGAN, in addition to editorial matter, sketches, reminiscences, personal

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Miss Innocent—Do you sow the wild oats in the same field with the other cats? Farmer John—No. miss. My sons, John an' Jim, sows 'em separate.

LUCKY MARIE PITOU.

Oil Speculator. There appears to be considerable interest

engaged as maid to Mrs. Robert Greaves.
These gentlemen were wealthy land owners. and also had large interests in Glasgow.
Scot.

"My mistress was an invalid, and the trip was made partly on her account. She had lost an only child a tew months before, and grew so melancholy that the physicians advised an extended trip. It was not the intention to go into the oil country, but, reading in a Pittsburg paper while in that city of the boss' well, it was decided to visit it. I was 18 years old at that time. I had been taking care of myself since I was 14, and had \$1000 in round numbers.

"I did not have a very definite idea as to what I could do with this money, but I was fully determined to invest at least a part of it in the oil business. I had no idea what oil was worth, or how much I might have to pay for land. I remained at the Central Hotel in Petrolia for a week. I could speak only a little English, and could not yet along very fast. I got acquainted with a lady, who drove me out to the lsaac Steele farm, but I could not make any investment there. I heard of Butler and went over there. I gave a livery man \$10 to drive me over in a buggy, and from this man I learned of a little tract of land which I visited the next day. I thought all land was good for oil purposes, and so made haste to buy it.

I hired a lawyer, and he looked up the titles and negotiated for the purchase of it. Some days after I had made the purchase of the sortice again, and I would look around for a position. I went to a boarding-house in Alleghany City, and had a lady come in twice a day and give me lessons in English.

I learned very rapidly.

The hotelkeeper in Butler had my address, and one day I received a call from a man who wanted to buy my lease. I didn't sell to him, and others came to see me. I went up to Butter and learned that wells on the Gillespie farm were creating some excitement. The farm was a considerable distance from my property, but I concluded to hold on for further developments.

"The excitement grew in that locality

more policies were written last month than during any month since the great fire.

"Lard, and How to Render It," by Cotton C. Doyle, is a recent useful volume. The werk is enriched with a poetic preface by Miss Laker, secretary of the Bongton Bibliophilic Association.

Mr. Erastus Livewayte's literary labors keep him at his office until late every night. He is treasurer of the world's fair fund, and is writting letters to subscribers requesting them to pay up their subscribers.

A new poem by Miss Euterpe Centralia of Wabash av. entitled "Sweets to the Sweet; or, Thoughts on Seeing a Young Girl Eat a Slice of Sugar-cured Ham." is highly spoken of by literary critics.

Mayor Cregier shows his love for fiterature by refusing to suppress bookmakers at the request of some enterprising citizens.

The proposal of Count Herbert Bismarck that America protect the copyright of German books imported to this country, in return for the admission of United States pork products into Germany, has been aptly characterized by Mr. R. W. Emerson Redheffer of the Chicago Literary Club as a fitting reciprocity in the products of the pen.

Matter of Fact, managed the massed of the part of the part of the massed of the part Mother (sadly)—No, dear, I didn't.

Got a Job.

(Life.)

Boy—I say, mister. I don't suppose you don't know of nobody what don't want to have nobody to do nothing, don'tyou?

Gentleman addressed—Yes, I don't.

ing at first.

"Those London cabbies are great cheats." said a dear, white-haired old lady to her daughter one day, "but I got the better of them! After you went out I wanted a ride, so I hailed a fellow and rode down Piccadilly. How much?" said I when I got out. Half a crown, 'says he. The idea, Susan, of asking that awful price for a little ride! 'You needn't think to impose on me. if I am an American lady, I said. I won't give you a cent more'n three shillings! And the fellow was frightened. Sure he said. 'Very well, mum,' and walked off just as meek."



Special to the Readers of the Weekly Globe.

Latest Quotations.... Atch, Top & S F. 47 4714 "I saw your ma this morning," said the first little girl as they met on Woodward av. | SionxC'ySY'd. 100 | 106 | 106 | 106 | 106 | 106 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 108 | 10 18<sup>3</sup>/<sub>8</sub>
38
40
106<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>
42
7
29
8 

How natural for the man who comes back without any game to wish he had not told so many he was going hunting.

Or-on His Shoulder-s Pretty One. 1.10 (Van Dorn's Magazine.)
An old head is valuable on young should ders only when it is a wise one.

#### PAUL JENKINS.

A TALE OF LOVE AND HAIR DYE.

By CAROLINE F. PRESTON.

Paul Jenkins would have been a happy man but for a single circumstance. The circumstance was the perverse determina tion of his hair to turn gray, when he would decidedly have preferred to have it remain its original color, a glossy black. This it was that embittered his existence in soite of his good health, good income and prosperity in other respects. This it was, as Mr. Jenkins conjectured, which stood in the way of his acceptance by Sophronia Jones, with whom he fancied himself wildly in love.

Mr. Jenkins felt that he had not arrived at an age which justified his gray hairs. He had only just passed his 40th birthday.

"I see a change—but, but I can't think blue an improvement."

"Thank you," said Sophronia, still looking down.

Paul looked hastily about him. He saw that no one was near, and determined to seize this opportunity to decide his fate.

"Sophronia," said he. "you may think me precipitate, but you must excuse it when you consider my feelings, I love you ardently—devotedly. Will you be mine?"

"I have one objection," she said slowly.

"I know it, the color of my hair. But don't you see how much it is improved?"

"I see a change—but, but I can't think blue an improvement."

at an age which justified his gray hairs, at an age which just passed his 40th birthday. He had only just passe that he could muster.

was called to a placard upon a wall,

"That will be just the thing for me," thought our friend Paul. "I don't think it's at all out of the way to call in art to the assistance of Nature. when Nature don't do as well by you as she might be reasonably Dr. Holmes Talks of Youth and Maturity, There's no good reason why such a good looking young fellow as I am-(I beg the reader to observe that gentlemen are much more subject to vanity than ladies, although I know that some prejudiced persons hold a different opinion). "There's no reason why such a good looking young fellow as 1 am." continued Mr. Jenkins, "should wear the livery of old

Mr. Paul Jenkins accordingly decided to procure a bottle of the mixture. Proceeding to the store where it was to be procured, he went in and inquired in a low tone for Higginbotam's celebrated hair dye. While the clerk was wrapping up the bottle, he assured the delighted customer that it was decidedly the best thing of the kind in the market, and would make him look at least

least 10 years younger.
"Sophronia Jones shall be mine." said

He was anxious to be at home in order to test the wonderful effects of the celebrated hair dye. The ride ever and the village reached, Mr. Jenkins rapidly took his way reached, Mr. Jenkins rapidly took his way to the residence of Mrs. Selina Wiggin, where he boarded. He seemed in unusual spirits, which led Mrs. Wiggin to imagine that the banks had paid a larger dividend than usual, but how little could she guess that the little bottle which she could see protruding from his pocket was the sole cause of his good spirits. If she had known that by the help of this he expected to win the hand of Sophronia Jones, her own spirits would have been very sorry to lose so profitable and desirable a boarder as Mr. Jenkins had proved to be for the last 10 years, during all of which he had been an inmate of her establishment.

There had been a time indeed when she had hoped that he would become something the first their images are all around the met if in mages are all around the met in their images are all around the met in the revolves eacho about me, as if they had been a sensitive film that photographed them: the revolces echo about me, forgetting cylinders which been a surface had been a sensitive film that photographed them: the revolces echo about me, forgetting cylinders which been a winder their images are all around the revolves and been a sensitive film that photographed them: the revolces echo about me, forgetting cylinders which been a winder their images are all around the revolves as if they had been a sensitive film that photographed them: the revolces echo about me, sift their images are all around the time the only by the mere force of habit; their images are all around the process cho about me, as if they had been a sensitive film that photographed them: the revolces echo about me, sift their images are all around the revolces cho about me, as if they had been a sensitive film that photographed them: the revolces cho about me, as if they had been a sensitive film that photographed them: the revolces cho about me, as if they had been a sensitive film that photographed them: the revolces cho about me, as if they had been areorded on those unforgetting cylinders which been

said Bridget. a little surprised at this extraordinary and unexpected kindness on the part of her employer.

"I don't want you to do too much." said Mrs. Wiggin. "I am not one of those people that are willing to work their 'help' to

death."
When Mrs. Wiggin entered the room of entry. Having done this, she laid down her broom, put on her glasses, and began to look carefully about her. First she scanned the manterbiece, next the bureau, and finally she took the liberty of opening the upper cureaudrawer. Here she found what she sought. Before her, wrapped in the same paper, was the mysterious bottle. Hastily unrolling it she learned the fatal truth

truth.

It was hair dye!

Why do I say fatal truth? I will tell you.

Mrs. Wiggin at once concluded what was indeed the truth, that this looked towards matrimony. She knew how much the use of the hair dye would improve his appearance, and feared that it would make him irresistible to Sophronia Jones.

But what was she to do? Was she to stand quietly by and suffer this to take place? No. Mrs. Wiggin was a woman of resource, and she sat down with her head between her hands to consider what she should do.

idea struck her. She would empty out

Dine ink.
"There." said she, when this was accomplished. "I don't believe Mr. Jenkins will
improve his appearance much by the use of
this."

with what she had done, but she felt that desperate emergencies required desperate remedies, as this certainly was. Mr. Jeukins, meanwhile, had concluded Mr. Jenkins. meanwhile, had concluded pot to make immediate use of his hair dye, but to defer it till the next Thursday evening, when he had received an invitation to attend a party at the house of Squire Jones, the father of his beloved Sophronia. He felt that the unexpected youthfulness of his appearance on that occasion would be decidedly in his favor.

As might naturally be expected he longed to have the time come but Time will not

hasten his flight, even for impatient lovers. He is much more likely to retard it. Immediately after tea on Thursday afternoon Mr. Jenkins went up to his room, locked the door, took his bottle of hair dye from the drawer, and proceeded to use it. He had only a faint candle to assist him in his task, and this prevented his discovering the deception which had been practised upon him. In tact, in the dim light, the mixture looked dark and he supposed it was all right. After rubbing in what he supposed would be sufficient for the first application, and I may remark that upon this point he certainly did not exhibit any remarkable sconomy, Mr. Jenkins leisurely proceeded to dress himself in his most becoming attire. to dress himself in his most becoming attire. His toilet was somewhat protracted, and I should be afraid to tell you how many minutes he expended in adjusting his crayat. But the fact was that our hero had made up his mind to make this evening the declaration which he had long contem-plated, provided he could find a favorable

Eut there is an end to all things, and so there was an end to Mr. Jenkins' toilet. About 8 o'clock he came down stairs, and merely opened the sitting-room door to

I am going out to a party this evening, s. Wiggin, and shan't be at home very Mrs. Wiggin, and shan't be at home very early. You need not situp for me, as you know I have a pass kev."

Mrs. Wiggin could scarcely keep her countenance while her lodger was speaking, for she saw at once that he had fallen into the trap she had laid for him, and in consequence that both his hair and whiskers had become a decided blue. ome a decided blue.
guess," she laughed to herself, "that

become a decided blue.

"I guess," she laughed to herself, "that Sophronia won't fancy that color any better than the other."

Quite unconscious of what had befallen him, Mr. Jenkins proceeded to the party. Going up to the gentlemen's room, he took off his hat and coat and went down to the parlors. Where most of the company had already assembled. Somehow he seemed to attract a great deal of attention, but this he expected, and very naturally attributed it to what he considered the very decided improvement which had taken place in his appearance.

nce.
doubt," he thought, proudly, "they ely recognize me, I look so much Younger than before."

And he glanced around the room with a look of complacent self-satisfaction. But there was one thing that puzzled him not a little. The expression of every face that looked at him seemed to be struggling with laughter. Now what there was to laugh

at in his appearance was more than be could divine. To dive the hair was quite a common thing, and not at all annusing.

He looked towards Sophronia, but she, too, had a smile upon her face. He flattered himself, however, that it was from a different cause. No doubt she was happy to see him looking so well. He would go up and speak with her.

"It is a beautiful evening, Sophro-Miss Jones," he said, stammering in some confusion.

by a Woman's Eye.

"Very." said she, casting down her eyes and toying with the fan which she carried.
"I need not ask if you are well, for I have seldom seen you looking better." he continued in a tone of gallantry, recovering his self-command as he observed her evident applarrassment. embarrassment. "Thank you," said Sophronia, still looking

the must submit to it with the best graces that he could muster.

But all at once light dawned on his gloomy dissatisfaction. On one of his quarterly visits to the city, for the purpose of receiving his bank dividends, his attention was called to a placard upon a wall, wherein the merits of Higginbotam's celebrated hair dye were set forth in large capitals.

The simple of simple of simple of the mirror. One glance was enough. He rushed for one glance was enough. He rushed for heat and left the house with frantic speed. Arriving at his boarding place he seized the unlucky bottle, dashed it to pieces on the brick heath, and seriously contemplated having his head shaved. But Time, the great restorer, together with frequents hampooings, removed the fatal hue, and he at length recovered his peace of mind. And as all stories ought to end well, I have to relate that sophronia at last relented and now writes her name Jenkins. lented and now writes her name Jenkins, much to the dissatisfaction of Mrs. Wiggin.

#### OLD AGE.

and Gives a Prescription for Astonishing Census Clerks.

[Oliver Wendell Holmes in Atlantic Monthly.]
I was a little over 20 years old when I wrote the lines which some of you may have met with, for they have been often re-

On the lips that he has prest In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year

The world was a garden to me then; it is a churchyard now.
"I thought you were one of those who

and resents demonstrative? The new properties of the standard of the little black-eyed of peanits and less with the day, the magazine lives for a makes his stand, voolferously calling his takes his stand, voolferously calling his the more force of habit; their images are all around "e.a. sit every surface had been a sensitive film that photographed them: the routes each pattern, we reit only by the mere force of habit; their images are all around "e.a. sit every surface had been a sensitive film that photographed them: the routes each pattern, we reit only by the mere force of habit; their images are all around "e.a. sit every surface had been a sensitive film that photographed him the routes are all the photographed him the rou Jenkins exultingly, as he pushed the bottle into his overcoat pocket and made his way

weilth have been visibly affected, since all seasons and cozens of angle possible and dearnable a boarder as Alf. Jeashing and dearnable and dearnable a boarder as Alf. Jeashing and dearnable and d

[Ladies' Home Journal.] Write the date distinctly the day of the

month and the year-not just the day of the Write on plain, unlined paper. Write your "qs" and "ys" differently, their tails turned in opposite directions.

is" with a dot. Write an answer to your friend's ques tions; if she had not wanted to know she

Write your "ts" with a cross and your

tions; if she had not wanted to know she would not have asked you.

Write with black ink; pale or faded ink has broken off more friendships and love affairs than one would imagine.

Write your name distinctly. If you are a married woman sign it, for example, "Virginia Andrews," exactly as if you were not married; but if it is a business letter, the Mrs. should be put in parenthesis before your name; or, better still, the letter may be written in the third person. This same rule applies to an unmarried woman.

Write a short, crisp letter; a concentration of brightness. It will be much more appreciated than one longer drawn out.

Write as little as possible on the subject of love. Words of love are much better said than written.

than written.
Write yourself down a bright, sensible girl, and you will then have written the very best letter that a girl can possibly

One Cool Place in the Country.

[Manitou Letter.]
Tuesday it snowed hard on Pike's Peak, and then grew intensely cold, the thermometer marking 8° below zero. Notwithstanding this a party of 14 ladies and gentlemen started for the arctic region on
horseback, with the express purpose of discovering the tip top. One hundred and
fifty men under Contractor Lantry are now
working on mile one and two-the miles
nearest the summit—on the Pike's Peak
railroad, finishing the work that was impossible during the wirt. The work is
mostly blasting, a fact which renders peak
climbing by tenderfeet a rather dangerous
experiment. mometer marking 8° below zero. Notwith-

Two of 'Em in Circulation. [Texas Siftings.]

Servant girl, to master of the house-Go away and quit hugging me. I heard you tell your wife last night that she was all the Master of the house-So she is, Katie; but

you know there are two worlds-the old world and the new world. Where to Hang the Motto.

[Chicago Post.] Minister-Here's a motto I want the eyes f my congregation to dwell upon until its words are engraved upon the tablets of the

the centre of the pulpit?

Minister's wife—Oh, no! Hang it ever yonder in the corner right side of the clock. Woman's Mind. [Courier-Journal.]
Mrs. De Smith-My dear, I have a little

onundrum for you. Why does a woman

Mr. De Smith (still reading)-Because a

change her mind oftener than a man?

woman's mind needs changing oftener than a man's. (Silence.) A Matter of Fear. [Munsey's Weekly.] She (affectionately)--I heard your heart beat, darling. Is it beating for me? He-Not exactly. I think I hear your father putting on his heavy boots.

The Usual Way. Cambridge resident (hesitatingly)-Ish Belated traveller-Well, that's the way

Glimpses of a Market Day - Scenes Like These of a Fereign Land.

inaugurated the Saturday movement for the benefit of those who were too lazy or too religious to rise early on the Sabbath morn-

The market-house itself, standing in the midst of its square, is a fine-looking building, with crouching lions at the corners and fountains in the grass plat at the side; but it is the people who congregate here that make it such a remarkable scene, the venders alone representing every nationality, Americans being far in the minority. The market wagons occupy one side of the thoroughfare which bounds the square.

They stand drawn up in line, their hind wheels touching the curb, the horses' heads turned to the middle of the street. It is only in this outer row that we find the negro market gardener. He raises all that he offers, from the fat turkeys, ready dressed or alive in coops, to the tiny bird-peppers. brilliant in hue, small as a pea, hot as fire, and delightful in flavor, which grow wild along the bayou that borders his land. Near by on the sidewalk a Chinese pedler

displays his wares. John has his pigtail neatly pinned up, and his blouse and shoes are models of cleanliness.
"Anything a day?" he asks, exhibiting

ties. Passing through that, we enter what may be called the bazaar—little stores of ready-made clothing, both male and female, tinware, cutlery, baskets, fancy articles, candy, all separate, and the last-named stalls presided over by handsome Italian and pleasant German girls. It is a very olla podrida of merchandise.

Back of this again the fish market and game of various kinds; and here once more does the Dago find an occupation. There are shrimps, crabs, oysters and all sorts of fish, but the catfish, in infinite variety, stands out in marked prominence, for it is the favorite of the negro race, and they are rare good customers.

rare good customers.

In and out of the building surge the crowd, for all of Houston is here. It is a singular custom, this making a fashionable promenade of the market, yet it obtains, and the

custom, this making a fashionable promenade of the market, yet it obtains, and the
fine ladies do not seem to mind the mixture
of people or the place itself, but dress in
"purple and fine linen" for the occasion.
The dude is in force, and the "masher" is
not wanting; the men who stare and the
girls who love to be stared at; sober matrons
on housekeeping thoughts intent; flirtatious
maidens who push through the crowd, and
seem to have no idea that their manners are
not of the best; natty negro wenches, pert
of tongue and loose of demeanor; respectable colored "maumas," ample of girth,
in spotless white aprons; strapping negro
men and saucy bootblacks; merchants,
lawyers and physicians; servant girls and
cooks; the haute-volee and the demi-monde,
and both in their best attire; policemen
and tramps; old women, men on crutches,
and bables in arms; black, white, brown
and vellow—negroes, Americans, Mongolians, Irish. Dutch, French, Germans,
Italians and Spanish—they are all there,
laughing, talking, quarrelling, gesticulating, bargaining gossiping, staring, keeping
appointments and making new one, being
proper or improper, polite or rude, as the
case may be. And this goes on from 4 to 9
in winter, from 5 to 10 in summer.

Cowboy life has in the last few years lost
much of its roughness. The cattle barons
have discharged most of the men who
drank, and have frowhed so persistently
upon gambling that little of it is done.
Cards and whiskey being put away, there is
small temptation to disorderly conduct; so
it is only when they reach some large city,
and are not on duty, that they induge in a
genuine spree. On the ranches kept under
fence they have little to do when not on
the drive or in branding-time, the cattle
being all safely enclosed. But they must

damages. Where night overtakes them, there they sleep, staking their horses and rolling themselves in their blankets. These rides of inspection take days to accomplish, for there are ranches in Texas which extend in a straight line over 75 miles. Those ranches which are not kept under fence necessitate more work. The boys must then keep their cattle in sight, and while allowing them to graze in every direction must see that none in the

kept under fence necessitate more work. The bors must then keep their cattle in sight, and while allowing them to graze in every direction, must see that none in the many thousands stray beyond the limits of their own particular pastures. They gethen in parties, scattering over the territory, for they must cover hundreds of thousands of acres in a day.

It is not a life of hardship, and pays well enough. Everything is furnished to them free and of the very best, and they are paid besides \$30 per month. Each party stays out from two to three weeks at a time; but they take with them the finest of camp wagons, with beds and bedding, cooking uteuslis, the best of groceries of all kinds, and as excellent a cook as money can employ. The prairies are full of game and their rifies are ever handy. The life is free, fascinating and peculiarly healthy.

These men are exceedingly chlvalrous to all women; this seems to be a trait born in them, as much a part of their moral nature as it is of their physical to have small feet, for it is seldom that a genuine Texas cowboy can be found who has not the distinguishing mark of a hardsome foot, and his boots are to him all that the sombrero is to a Mexican. He will deay himself many pleasures, he will go without a coat, and be seen in most dilapidated attire, but his boots must be of the best and most beautiful make that the country cam afford; high of heel and curved of instep, a fine upper and thin sole, fitting like a glove, and showing the handsome foot to perfection.

Take the cowboys as a class, they are bold, fearless and generous, a warm-hearted and manly set, with nothing, small, vicious nor mean about them, and Texas meed not be ashamed of the brave and skilful riders who traverse the length and breadth of her expansive prairies.

Every yard almost has an oven, built out of earth and rock, half under and half over the ground: here they bake their meats and some kind of cakes, but their own bread is tortillas. These are made by an interesting and peculiar process. The Ind

into flour between two stones—the bottom one like a three-cornered tray on legs of uneven height, so that it sloves downward; the upper, like a rolling pin. They place the tray upon the floor, and kneeling, they mash and roll the grain until it becomes a beautiful, white starchy flour. That is then mixed with water into a paste, next kneaded and flattened out between the hands finto broad, very thin cakes. In the meantime the mesquite fire in the corner of the jacal has burned into a grand bed of coals; on this is thrown a flat sheet of iron, which is soom hot. Here the cakes are placed, and brown instantaneously; they are turned, and in a minute are ready to be eaten. They are good, too, but need salt, for the Mexican of the lower class uses neither fork nor spoon, but rolls a tortilla into a scoon, and so eats his chile con carne, frijoles, etc. When too much softened by the gravy to take up the food, he eats his improvised spoon, takes another tortilla, and proceeds as before. They sit on the rioor to eat, putting the dish of food in the middle of the circle, and not in one house out of six of the lower order is there a table. They are hospitable in the extreme, welcoming a perfect stranger to their homes and offering him of their best. Out in the street, on the sidewalk at night, one finds here and there about the town blazing fires, and over them set great three-cornered pieces of iron sheeting, supported on legs. These sheets have round places cut out of them, and over these holes are tin cans, their contents boiling merrily. Tamales are cooking here, and the Mexican woman who is tending them, looks like one of the witches in 'Macbeth,' as she moves about in her short red skirt with her black shawl about her winkled brown face, while the fire-light falls upon her in fitful gleams, now throwing her figure into broad relief, then leaving it in shadow. Behind her the open door of the jacal shows a blazing fire within, and on the floor, playing gravelv in the quivering, dancing light, many children of differe

#### WRITING FOR NEWSPAPERS.

Mrs. Bridget Finn was just where June Sensible Words which Young Authors had left her on the previous year—at the Should Read-A Leaf from the Experience of a Popular Writer.

[Edward W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.]

I am very frequently asked whether the available for use in the quarry. wonderful fans and cushions, brushes, teapots, Chinese lilies and what not. He tries to be taken for granted that the same degree looked upon old age cheerfully, and welcomed it as a season of peace and contented
enjoyment."

I am one of those who so regard it. Those
are not hitter or scalding tears that fall
takes his stand, vociferously calling his
type of care is unnecessary for newspaper work
as for magazine writing, "The newspaper
tion of the little black-eyed Dago boy who
runs up his hand-cart of hot peanuts and
takes his stand, vociferously calling his
type of care is unnecessary for newspaper work
as for magazine writing, "The newspaper
tion of the little black-eyed Dago boy who
runs up his hand-cart of hot peanuts and
takes his stand, vociferously calling his
type of care is unnecessary for newspaper work
as for magazine writing, "The newspaper
tion of the little black-eyed Dago boy who
runs up his hand-cart of hot peanuts and
takes his stand, vociferously calling his of care is unnecessary for newspaper work and down the washboard with the regularity as for magazine writing. "The newspaper of the piston-rod of an engine. A yellow-dies with the day, the magazine lives for a jacket flew down from his cell under the

particularly those of women. It will be found, however, that for symmetrical perfection these feet could not be better.

and set it on the centre of a piece of paper; then gather the paper up together at the top nd place the ends tightly together, placing

zone, and I'll bring you home a paper of candy. Now, are you going to be good? Mamie-Yes, I suppose so; but can't tell how good lought to be unless I know how big that paper of candy is going to be.

is insane?

Conclusive.

[Binghamton Leader.]

Judge-You swear that the Simpkins boy

Boy-Yes, sir. I've seen him refuse pie, Truthful. (Munsey's Weekly. She (to young lawyer)-What kind of practice do you have, Mr. Sharp? He-O, I practice economy.

MICKEY'S FATEFUL JOKE.

He Plays Tricks on the Land- pocket.

low Imp Down Her Back.

The Landlord Loses His Upper Teeth and Mickey Gets Put to Bed.

When June left her winter quarters in the South seas and came northward to pay her annual monthly visit to Cooney island, she annual monthly visit to Cooney island, she was accompanied by brown robins, ultramarine bluebirds and fame-winged orioles. She breathed upon the honeysuckle vines in the wood and they bloomed, she distilled honey in the clover blossoms and floods of golden bees covered their legs with sweetness and hustled for the hive. The horner also she wooded to activity and viciousness, while the tuneful mosquito left the marshy environs of Brown's pond to sing his merry roundel ay and present his bill in the breezy uplands. 'Twas the same old June, yet ever young, odorous and coquettish, bearing essences divine and making the roads dusty: filling the night with the complain- Mickey was led away sophing by his ing essences divine and making the roads dusty; filling the night with the complaining of builfrogs and the fragrance of sweetbrier; cheering the iceman and depressing brier; cheering fishworms and the coal dealer: fattening fishworms and making the eels hungry. These are a few making the eels hungry. These are a few of the blessings and evils that June, 1890, brought to Cooney island.

Mrs. Bridger, France and Superior of the landlord, anyhow!"

washtub—with the mingled scent of roses and soapsuds in her mostrils. Biddy was washing her husband's vest, a garment that had seen a good deal of service but was still ewspaper is the best starting point for then she dug the soapsuds out of her eyes young authors, and in this question lies, in with her knuckles and looked over the nine cases out of ten, a grave misconception.

Many young writers believe that work repected by the monthly magazine will find a were a trifle freckled, to be sure, but these yellow blemishes did not injure the rounded to be taken for granted that the same degree perfection of the arms as they worked up eaves of the Finn shanty and lit in one of the dimples in Mrs. Finn's elbow. A tiny, flame-tipped dart punctured the skin. and a large red hand swept the insect into the ake of soapsuds. A strident voice said: "Tare an' ouns, ve bucko: we'll see will

wather take the fire out o' yer tail!" Then Biddy resumed her rubbing. She sang at her work as she anointed the back of the vest with a cake of 5-cent brize backage soap. The meledy that ribbled over her ruby lips was a somewhat explosive sentiment regarding the Empress of India. Each stanza closed with the refrain:

And we'll blow ould Quane Victoria up Wid nitro-glycerine.

It was not a particularly cheerful idea, but it served as a vocal vent for Mrs. Finn's patriotism. Just as she was squeezing the waterout of the vest with her strong hands Mrs. O'Briem came around the corner of the shanty and seated herself upon an inverted washtub, and Mickey, with a half-smoked cigarette in his pocket and a guilty flush on his cheek, joined his mother. He knew that Mrs. O'Brien was the purveyor of gossip in the locality, and so he remained to hear the news.

circumstances sometimes suggest to a per-son who is lacking in ideas. Mrs. O'Brien re-

ound, however, that for symmetrical per-lection these feet could not be better.

A Greek sculptor would not think of such
Biddy."

"Isset the moon's risin' airly this evenin',
Biddy."

particularly those of women. It will be found, newever, that for symmetrical perfection these feet could not be better. A Greek sculptor would not thisk of such a 5½-look woman. Their types for these classical marble figures were taken from the questionably the human foot as represented by these old sculptors, was larger than the modern one; and, in fact, the primitive foot of all people of whom we have any record, either in painting to state of modern times.

The masculine foot, forming an approximate average of four different countries, was about 12 inches long. This would require to a proportion, a man 5 feet is inches in height sixth his height. It was of no great consequence what size sandal he wore, but he would have required a modern shoe of at least No. 10½ for a minimum fit, or a No. 11 for a real comfort.

A Girl's Best Charm. (Lades' Rome Journal) if the relative size of the two sexes, which was about the same then as now, a woman fit feet three inches in height was about the same then as now, a woman feet three inches in height was about the same then as now, a woman fit feet three inches in height was about the same then as now. a woman fit feet three inches in height was about the same then as now. a woman fit feet three inches in height was about the same then as now. a woman fit was about the same then as now a woman fit was about the same then as now. The same of the fit was about the same then as now. The same of the fit was about the same then as now. The same of the fit was about the same then as now. The same of the fit was about the same then as now. The same of the fit was about the same then as now. The same of the fit was about the same then as now. The same of the fit was about the same then as now. The same of the fit was about the same then as now. The same of the fit was about the same then as now. The same of the fit was about the same then as now. The same of the fit was about the same then as now. The same of the fit was about the same then as now. The same of the same of the fit It seemed a long time to little Mike before he heard lootsteps. A figure loomed up out of the darkness, the gate opened and and place the ends tightly together atthe top and place the ends tightly together, placing a strong rubber band around the coil to hold it close, so as to exclude the air. A pitcher of ice-water treated in this manner has been known to stand over night with scarcely a perceptible melting of the ice.

The Chin in Walking.

[New York World.]

The Chin in Walking.

[New York World.]

Mind how you walk. Square your shoulders, expand your chest, and look our for your chin. That is the pivot upon which depends the poise of the machine. Step out easily and firmly, letting the ball of the foot strike the ground first, so that you get the benefit of that beneficent little spring which Dame Nature built into your instep to save the rattle and jar to the whole system which people who will walk en their heels inflict on their anatomy.

Mother—I am going out, Mamie, and I want you to be a good little girl while I am gone, and I'll bring you home a paper of gered, choked, and the teeth flew out of his mouth into the ditch. He cut the cord with of the darkness, the gate opened and slammed to again, and nothing unusual happened. He peered through a crack in the fence and saw that it was Mrs. O'Brien. He peered through a crack in the fence and saw that it was Mrs. O'Brien. He peered through a crack in the face and saw that it was Mrs. O'Brien. He peered through a crack in the face and saw that it was Mrs. O'Brien. He peered through a crack in the fence and saw that it was Mrs. O'Brien. He peered through a crack in the fence and saw that it was Mrs. O'Brien. He peered through a crack in the fence and saw that it was Mrs. O'Brien. He peered through a crack in the fence and saw that it was Mrs. O'Brien. He peered through a crack in the fence and saw that it was Mrs. O'Brien. He peered through a crack in the fence and saw that it was Mrs. O'Brien. He peered through a crack in the fence and saw that it was firs. O'Brien. He peered through a crack in the fence and saw that it was firs. O'Brien. He leaved through the feet the oxed the

and the teeth flew out of his mouth into the ditch. He cut the cord with his knife and sprang forward upon the stoop. It gave way beneath him and he fell through to the ground. Unable to extricate himself, he shouted for help, and Mr. and himself, he shouted for help, and the Mrs. Finn ran out to his assistance. He was pulled out, leaving strips of his cuticle clinging to the stoop, while Mr. Finn exclaimed: Arrah, landlord dear, what happened

The injured man spluttered and raved. He couldn't talk plain, because his upper teeth were gene. But he managed to make Mr. Finn understand his profound contempt for his "scoundrelly moonlighting tricks," and his intention to have him arrested for malicious mischief. Meanwhile Mickey had run around to the kitchen door, and entered the shanty. entered the shanty.
"Don't loss yer temper, landlord dear,"

said Mr. Finn. "It's not meself as knows how ye were hurted." "Give me the rent." was the only answer the angered man made.
"Biddy," said Mr. Finn, "will ye get the rent for the gentlemin? It's in me ould vest

"Get out the vest, woman!"
She ran out to the fence. and brought in the garment with trembling hands. They searched the pockets and lining, but no money was found. Mr. Finn strode into the back room and brought his son into the front room by the back of the neck.
"Now, me gossoon," said the enraged

#### THE HAMMOCK.

Potent Factor in Midsummer Joys, It Has Much to Answer for to Long-Suffering Lovers.

The hammock has much to answer for.
It has developed from nothing into a potent factor in midsummer social joys and

sorrows. A decade ago the hammock was sporadic. It is now universal. Certain tourists from this heretofore unhammocked land of the free journeying in Mexico and in Cuba noted the meshed crescent with interest first and with admiration afterwards, insomuch that they brought one of the swaying couches with them.

The result has been remarkable. Americans have taken the hammock to their very hearts, and American ingenuity has devised machinery capable of turning out ham-mocks almost as fast as the finished article will turn out its occupant.

A summer bereft of a hammock would be

will turn out its occupant.

A summer bereft of a hammock would be to the American lad and lass a dreary and unromantic period.

Given a good article of moonlight and a hammock big enough for two, and there is no combination which will more rapidly and thoroughly advance the cause of Cupid and bring about the lighting of Hymen's torch.

Between the moon and the hammock

"Oh, loneliest thou—"

Mrs. Rhymer (starting)—There, I knew I'd forgotten something important! We've not more than coffee euough, for breakfast, and you must order four pounds Rio and Java mixed. You might make a memorandum on the margia of the poem.

Rhymer (tragically) — Memorandum!

Coffee! Margin of poem!

Mrs. Rhymer (starting)—There, I knew I'd forgotten something important! We've not more than coffee euough, for breakfast, and you must order four pounds Rio and Java mixed. You might make a memorandum on the margia of the poem.

Rhymer (innocently)—Yes, Rio and Java mixed, four pounds.

Rhymer (choking)—Heavens and earth!

(Reads):

"Oh, loneliest thou—" Between the moon and the hammock there is a certain analogy. A young moon

How It Is Worked. [New York Weekly.] Mr. Prim (first summer customer)-Are

flannel shirts going to be worn this sum-Dealer (with a big stock on hand)-Y-e-s sir. Oh. yes, sir. Of course, sir. Mr. Prim (dolefully)—Well, if everybody else is getting the ugly things. I suppose I'll have to too. I'll give you an order. Another Customer (a little later)—I hope flannel shirts are not going to be worn this ummer again? Dealer—Oh. everybody's rushing for 'em. same as last year. It isn't 10 minutes since I got an order from Mr. Prim. Customer (drearily) — Well. take my

An Accomplished Girl.

Texas Siftings.]
Mrs. Smith—So your daughter has graduated with honors.

Mrs. Jones—Yes, she understands paintng, and astronomy, and piano playing and the Lord knows what all.

"You ought to be very proud." "I suppose so. I expectshe will be very happy in her married life if she finds a husband who knows how to cook, sew on buttons and dress children."

Boston Town Crier. Lawyer-If anybody asks for me this after noon, tell them I am called away on most argent business. Office boy-Yes, sir. Half an hour later. Stranger—Is Mr. Quill in?

Office boy-No. sir; he's been called away to the base ball game on most urgent busi-

A Consoling Thought. [Light.]
Mrs. Tangle (who is "moving house"—It's sad to leave the old house that has been our

home so long. Henry; it has many fond memories. Tangie—Yes, but there's one consolation, Mary. We owe the landlord a year's rent and he'll never get it out of us now.

Gray's Monthly. "Say, Lou, you have always been such : good friend to me-advise me about Miss Smith. I love her madly, but she treats me

Unfailing.

with utter indifference."
"Never mind-I'll abuse you to her a lightle." Drawing the Line. [Epoch.] Mrs. Cobwigger-Do you believe all you

Mrs. Brown-Yes. except when they say

the peach crop is a failure and that no fire-crackers will be allowed on the Fourth. It Would Not Do.

read in the papers?

[Lawrence American.] Prison warden (to new prisoner) - We always like to assign the prisoners to the trades with which they are most familiar. and shall be happy to do so in your case. Prisoner—I am a commercial traveller.

A Mightier Than He. At the pienic grounds: making that elaborate salute? The major-To the butter. It outranks

Pittsburg Bulletin.]
At the club. Harry-Well, our vegetarian friend has een true to his principles.

True to His Principles.

POETRY AND PROSE.

Composition Under Difficulty

Eyes Are in Frenzy Relling.

His Poem Reminds Her of Various Things, and She Suggests Suicide.

the front room by the back of the meck.

"Now, me gossoon." said the enraged father. "ye've heen up to some o' yer tricks.
Tell me what the rint is or I'll break ye in two pieces acrass me knee."

"I dunno, sir." said the frightened lad.
"Don't be lyin". Did ye see yer mother washin' the vest."

"Yis. sir. And whin she was slappin' it a dirty wad o' paper flew out o' the pocket."

"And while the meck.

Things, and She Suggests Suicide.

[Manley H. Pike in Puck.]

Mrs. Rhymer stolidly knitting. To her tumultuously enters Meliboeus Rhymer. enthussasm in his eye excitement in his manner and a sheet of note-paper in his manner and a sheet of note-paper in his

I shall want two more skeins of this to finish—red, remember; and you'd better get it at Galloon's, third counter on the right; and be sure not to buy it of the girl with a mole on her nose-she's partly color-blind. Rhymer (shrugging shoulders)-Ugh! Mrs. Rhymer (looking up for first time)

So you are through? Did you think to cork the ink-bottle? Rhymer (obstinately)-I've got a poem

here—a poem, poem, poem! Mrs. Rhymer—Oh! How long is it? Rhymer (sullenly)—Long? Mrs. Rhymer (thoughtfully)—Yes. The last one was a little too short, you know. If there'd been one stanza and a half more it'd have exactly paid for baby's cough

medicine. You ought always to write them of five-dollar length, whether or no. That's why I never liked your sonnets-it takes three and a quarter of them to make five dollars, including stamps. Rhymer (fiercely)-Martha, do you want

Rhymer (fiercely)—Martha, do you want to hear this poem?

Mrs. Rhymer—Why, of course. I'm all ready—twenty-four, twenty-five, narrow, twenty-six. 'ty-seven, purl—and I wish you'd—'ty, thread over one, purl—do three more this week, so that if you can't get anybody to buy this one, you won't—kait one, two, three—lose your time.

Rhymer (oblivious and regaining arder, ready). "Oh. loneliest thou

(Reads):

"Oh, loneliest thou—"

Mrs. Rhymer—Wait a moment, 'Boeus—
eight, nine, ten, eleven. Go on, now—only
don't shout and disturb little 'Boezy, as you
did when you made me get up at 2 o'clock
in the morning to hear "Leonidas to the
Laced@moniaus"—purl,sixteen,seventeen—
which you didn't sell after all, you know—
progress twenty, narrow. nineteen, twenty, narrow.

Raymer—(repressing his feelings, reads:
"Oh, loneliest thou of lonely things, my

heart—"hearte" heart distributed by Seems to me I've heard that somewhere before.

Rhymer (wild at once)—Heard it before? Impossible!
Mrs. Rhymer (indifferently)—Well, never
mund—I dare say the magazine people won't notice it, Rhymer (groaning)—Yah! (Continuing) "Oh, loneliest thou of lonely things, my 'Twixt present griefs anear and past joys

Yawns a great gulf—"
Mrs. Rhymer (interrupting)—That last's in the Bible—the minister read it two Sundays ago. Rhymer (irritated) — Martha Rhymer, rymer (Intated)—Matthe Mayher You're enough to drive a man howling crazy!

Mrs. Rhymer (serenely)—But it is in the Bible, you know. Boeus.

Rhymer (plunging ahead):

"-gulf of woe that sets apart

The times that are not from the times that

And makes the piled-up years a—"
Mrs. Rhymer (abruptly)—Give me that jacket the first thing tomorrow morning. nind. There's a rip under the arm that's etting all the wadding out.
Rhymer (maddened)—I swear I won't read nother word! Another word!

Mrs. Rhymer (easily)—Oh, yes, do. I don't mind listening a bit.

Rhymer (attempting sarcasm)—Ah! don't mind listening! In-deed!

Mrs. Rhymer (antering bear listening in the sarcasm)—Ah! don't mind listening in the sarcasm in the sarca

having passages.

Mrs. Rhymer—Very likely. You know that's what the Aeon said when it sent back "The Murder of the Marigolds."

Rhymer (desperately resuming): -piled-up years a prison bar Bespiked with sharp remorses. Yes; thou art

Mrs. Rhymer—You ought to have that front tooth seen to. Boeus. When you twist your mouth about so in reading, it looks to me as if it was loose. To-morrow you must -Rhymer (persisting):

Rhymer (persisting):

"A weary wanderer—"

Mrs. Rhymer (with animation)—Wanderer! Oh, that reminds me! A man came here this afteracon, who said he represented the Home for Wanderers, and he said he wanted a subscription, and I said I'd consult you, and he said—

Rhymer (despairingly)—Great Scott!

Mrs. Rhymer—No; that wasn't it at all.

He said he'd—

Rhymer (dashing down MS.)—Oh, this is simply unendurable!

Rhymer (dashing down MS.)—Oh, this is simply unendurable!
Mrs. Rhymer—Why,no. 'Boeus, I shouldn't call it that—I've endured it well enough; but it seems dreadfully short—not even sonnet length—and I don't believe they'll pay you more than 50 ce—
Rhymer (in a distracted state)—Oh, why did I ever write? Oh, why did I ever marry? Oh, why was I ever born? Oh! Oh! Oh! Mrs. Rhymer (counting)—Twenty-one, tweaty-two, twenty-three, purl, knit one, cast off!

A Modern Need for Sleep. [Dr. Talmage in Ladies' Home Journal.] There is not one man or woman in 10,000 who can afford to do without seven or eight hours' sleep. All those steries written about great men and women who slept only three or four hours a night make very interesting or four hours a night make very interesting reading; but I tell you, my readers, no man or woman ever yet kept healthy in body and mind for a number of years with less than seven hours' sleep. Americans need more sleep than they are getting. This lack makes them so nervous and the insane asylums so populous. If you can get to bed early, then rise early. If you cannot get to bed early, then rise early. If you cannot get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be as Christian for one man to rise at eight as it is for another to rise at five. I counsel my readers to get up when they are rested. But let the rousing-bell be rung at least 30 minutes before your public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motion to the pulse. It takes hours to get over a too sudden rising. Give us time, after you call us, to roll over, gaze the world full in the face, and look before we leap.

The Girl Who Knows Everything. [Ladies' Home Journal.] Naturally it isn't you or your friend; but

you certainly know her, and just as certainly you dislike her. When you dislike people there is one thing you should always do, and that is-look well at their faults and make up your mind that you are not and make up your mind that you are not going to fall into them. This girl, who is quite too general to be pleasant, is the girl who, having learned something yesterday, knows everything. She makes herself obaccious by flaunting recently acquired knowledge, concluding always that the people who are quiet are ignorant; she has no hesitancy in contradicting anybody; she makes an entire luncheon disagreeable by giving her opinion on the last pronunciations, forgetting that custom makes many things correct of which the dictionary has no mention.

things correct of which the dictionary has no mention.

She is more than certain as to dates; she can tell you exactly what you ought to do, and she fails herself to see that she is a living example of how disagreeable one person can be. Young men dread her, old ones have the utmost coatempt for her; she tosses her head, says she doesn't care for the opinion of men. Well, she is losing her womanliness when she feels that way. Every girl ought to care for the opinion of men. She has her father to look up to her brothers to be an inspiration to, and some day, please God. She ought to marry one and make him happy for life. The girl who knows everything is seldom cultivated either in mind or manner; she throws out her bit of information as a naughty boy would throw bricks, and the one fired is always the one just gotten. My dear, don't

get into the habit of concluding that the world at large is ignorant. Instead, make up your mind that it can teach you much; intelligence is never lost. Even if absolute information is not given by the intelligent woman, the look of cultivation shows in her eyes. Contradiction and isnorance are the combination that forms the knowing girl, and as you love everything good and goodmannered, beware of drifting into being this type of girl.

#### BRIC-A-BRAC.

Where Summer Bides. [Lucy E. Tilley in Harper's Weekly.] Down through the mountain's silver haze, Down through the song-thrilled wooded ways. And 'midst the meadow's drenched grass, The feet of Summer swiftly pass. "Stay! stay!" the yearning mountains cry. "Stay! stay!" the drowsy grasses sigh. But on and on the sweet guest files, With wind-blown hair and wide, still eyes. On, on, until her eager feet Abide amidst the yellow wheat,

A Coquette. [George Birdseve in the Town Crier.] Beneath her winsome, faultless face. The red rose dving on her breast She sees, and plucks it from its place; Another to her heart is press'd. So with her lovers; by her side Beneath her smile, they happy bloom A little while; when, joy denied, They heedlessly are cast aside To give a new-found favorite room.

Sport. [Harvard Lampoon.] Pretty maiden passing by, Modest look and downcast eye; Don't you hear me gently sigh, Pretty maiden passing by? Pretty maiden passing by, Look so timid and so shy, Will you love me till I die Pretty maiden passing by? But, alas! she'll not reply, And not even tell me why: So another maid I'll try. Who may come a-passing by.

Rondel. [M. C. R. in Portland Transcript.] Nannie's swinging back and forth lazily, Dreams are drifting through her brain maxily, The leaves whisper softly over her head Tales of a fairy prince coming to wed, Hark! She can hear his bridle bells ringing— Nannie's swinging.

Three kingdoms own him suzerain and lord; Low at her feet he'll kneel, ask but a word— Waiting for her prince, his true love bringing— Naunie's swinging.

A Dream of Rest. [Eugene Field in Chicago News.] All dream of rest, yet very few prepare The way for it. Along the road to gain, Day after day, year after year, with pain We set our marks, and think, some time to fare To some sweet realm beyond the pale of care, These goals we teach, set them ahead, and feign Unrest anew, thus never peace attain; Miss all its paths, nor any pleasure share. A hundred wayside inns of vantage passed, Footsore and weary, burdened, bent and old, Right on we plod and drag our hopes elate

> A Paradox. Gray's Monthly.1 We lingered in a cosy nook, Well screened from careless prying; I pleading for a single kiss, And she my prayer denying.

The kiss is won, our peace is made; Then, wrinkling her soft forehead, She sighs: "O Tom, you're never nice,

If you have dreamed that you loved before, And lived to smile at the ending;
If you have known what it was to live And wonder where life was tending; If you have known for your lonellest days To come from the darkness that bound you:

If you have looked, and looked but in vain.

If you have hoarded your spirit and soul

Ah, then, you may call it "loving! Why the Cows Come Late. Crimson sunset burning O'er the tree fringed hills Golden are the meadows Ruby flashed the rills, Quiet in the farm house,

While she lingers with her pail beside the barnyard gate, Wondering why her Jenny and the cows come home Jenny, brown-eyed maiden

And wonders where her Jenny and the cows can be Loving sounds are falling, Homeward now at last. Speckle, Bess and Brindle Through the gate have passed. Jenny, sweetly blushing, Jamie grave and shy,

Who stands silent by. Not one word is spoken as that mother shuts the gate. But now she knows why Jenny and the cows ca Asunder. [Rosaline E. Jones in the Traveler's Record.]

It beamed a moment on me and was gone
Amid the throng, and as I wandered dreaming,
All suddenly the roseate day grew wan. The tempest that I thought was hushed and quies Swept with unwonted fury o'er my soul With the old ache and the tumultuous riot, And als, where was my boasted self-control! Time was when you and I with happy wonder We're journeying, and suddenly a face. A stranger's face a moment on me turning, With the same smile that graced your linear Arouses all the olden vehement yearning And fills again my soul with turbule

The scattered fragments of our broken dream?

And would you grieve at all at my forgetting

The way we plotted out our lives' sweet scheme? A scheme all unfulfilled, a dream impassioned, It has been said all things that are, are fashioned And if we could have known they would be blighted The lovely hopes we cherished in the past, I wonder if our hearts would still have plighted The troth that was too Eden-sweet to last. Is it "better to have loved and lost," I query, All for the sad sweet sake of having known

The rapture of being loved, when life grows dready
And all its sweets but memory have flown? I cannot blot out of my life the story And shines across the years with undimmed glory.
Only just tinged and mellowed with regret. Asunder! Yes, but only so in seeming;

Tail is this prince and proud, noble and brave, In his jewelled helmet three white plumes wave,

Through all the mire of earth, to find, at last, Instead of any happiness we hold.

We are but hollow mockeries of fate.

> With scorn I said: "You love me not To sport thus with my wishes; I know of girls that are not half So careful of their kisses."

[Fannie Aymar Mathews in Pittsburg Bulletin.]

Of all that is sweetest and best in life— The love of a loving woman; If you can be true and believe her true, If she can be woman and angel, too;
Be weak, and yet strong to screen you; If you can lay bare to her tender gaze The whole of your life's long proving; If you can live and can wait for her,

[John Hoynton in Omaha World-Herald.] Home the farmer hies, But his wife is watching, Shading anxious eyes,

Wandered down the lane; That was e'er the daylight Had begun to wane. Deeper grow the shadows;

Katy dids are calling:

Mists o'er meadows creep.
Still the mother shades her eyes beside the barnyard gate,

I saw a face today like yours in seeming;

And do you ever, now, look back regretting

MILLIONS OF MONEY.

Uncle Sam's Treasury as Visitors See It-

Large Sums in Small Packages.

[Washington Star.1 Under the jurisdiction of the Treasury Department are two places that are visited by thousands of people each month, and these are, first, the place where the govern-

ment's promissory notes are made and the

other where some other firm's notes are de-

## KILLED THE LAST MAN

Who Fell in Dixie Fighting For the Union.

Stockwell Terry, One of Bushwhaker Mosby's Mon.

Dash for Liberty and Narrow Escape

A rather tall and middle-aged man, somewhat bald, of pleasant address, stands behind the desk and greets the guest on his arrival at the Norvell-Arlington Hotel, at Lynchburg. Va. His name is R. Stockwell
Terry, and he has the reputation of having killed the last Union soldier who fell in the ready wit had saved his life. He is now the prosperous proprietor of the leading hotel

The circumstances attending and follow-And now con ing this event are peculiar and dramatic, and I repeat them as they were related to me not long ago by one of Terry's friends.

When the war breke out Terry was a somewhat adventurous stripling of 16, and together with two other Lynchburg boys.

Claytoned Spitch by some (the latter by the stranger closely as he wrote his name, and involved the stranger closely as he wrote his name, and is the latter laid down the pen the landlord is represented. Claytur and Smith by name (the latter, by the way, now the partner of a Massachusetts man, George DeWitt; formerly of Green-field, and leading tobacco manufacturers in Lynchburg), left home and joined Mosby's Lynchburg band of troopers.

At the time of Lee's surrender at Appomattox and the final proclamation of peace, Terry was for several days detailed with a squad upon some special duty in the nterior, and had heard nothing of the collapse of the Confederacy and the cessation of hostilities. He found himself, on returning from this expedition, in the vicinity of his home, and partly because of a little affair of the heart, and partly for other reasons. asked and obtained a few days' leave of absence to visit Lynchburg.

leave of absence to visit Lynchburg.

As he jogged along alone on the outskirts of the city, he was astonished to see standing before him in the forest road over which he was travelling, and but a few rods ahead. In the float was evidently not far off.

Terry urged his horse, and was soon at the side of his old charger. The latter recognized his voice, and commenced to whinney and make loud demoastrations of joy in spite of every effort of Terry's to silence him. The soldier in the woods evidently heard him, and was hastening tolearn the cause of the commotion, for just as Terry loosed the bridle rein by which the horse, was hitched and started ahead leading his porize, the brushwood parted a few yards from him and a Umion soldier, carbine in hand, appeared. Driving the spur deep into the flank of his mare, he dashed up the Lynchburg road expecting to arrive in a few minutes within the Confederate lines.

Out into the Ead.

Out into the Road after him! rushed the cavalryman, who levelling his gun, fired after the fleeing trooper. The bullet buzzed by Terry's head and sped by on a bloodless mission; the guerilla turned in his saddle, and perceiving his pursuer standing in the road preparing to fire again, brought his ready rifle to his shoulder, and with a deadly precision uired by long experience, returned the

acquired by long experience, returned the hot.

Orack!! and then one quick glance sufficed for Terry. He saw the soldier stagger and fall, but at the same times saw a number of Federal soldiers rush out from the woods, doubtless to discover the cause of the firing. On went Terry at the top of his bent, and as he urged his panting beast up the ascent leading into Lynchburr, he turned again and saw several mounted men, evidently comrades of his luckless wictim, pressing after him in hot pursuit.

As he neared the c ty he becan to have serious misgivings. No Confederate guard barred his way, and his anxious eye descried the federal flag floating from the top of the court house, a signal of couquest. But retreat was impossible, and with the dare-devil courage for which he was conspicuous, he determined to press on and trust to fate.

Through the paved streets of the war-scarred city rushed pursuer and pursued, the feam dripping from the borses and

Through the paved streets of the warscarred city rushed pursuer and pursued,
the feam dripping from the horses and
their flying hoofs striking fire from the
innty surface. At the door of his future
father-in-law Terry dismounted, and in the
house sought refuge. Scarcely had he time
to make a hurried explanation before a
tumult arose without and angry voices,
emphasized with soul-curdling oaths, demanded that the "d-d rebel be dragged
out and hung."

out and hung."

Out and hung."

It was one of those terrible exigencies and waited. As the wave came nearer and waited. As the wave came nearer saw it was larger than any ther wave saw it was larger than any ther wave the vessel raced soldiers who had learned of the affair and had crowded into the street from everywhere, all desirous of avenging the death of the Union cavalryman. An officer advanced up the steps and demanded of Mr. Hoag the surrender of the man whom he was informed was concealed in the house. The old gentleman denied any knowledge of the fugitive, and refused any one admittance, falling back upon his rights as a citizen to deny admission to anybody not armed with an order from the provost marshal. The officer withdrew, announcing his purpose to obtain such an order forthwith, and warning Hoag that if he did not care to submit himself and order forthwith, and warning Hoag that if he did not care to submit himself and family to such usage as the infuriated soldiers might indulge in, he had better retire from the house before his (the efficer's) return from headquarters.

Guards were stationed all about the house to prevent any but members of the family from escaping, and the officer posted off to the provost marshal, while the owner of the mansion shut and locked the door and tried to decide what to do.

Terry's Sweetheart after. At the conventional dinner party had conducted him to a hiding place in the they are present in numbers equal to matchattic, reached only through a trap door, and ing the men-guests, but in selecting the there he stood, a heavy cavalry revolver in complet the hostess usually asks her women

there he stood, a heavy cavalry revolver in either boot and two more in his belt. In a few hasty sentences his host explained the situation.

"Don't mind me," said Terry, "you can do nothing by remaining in the house. I have got to die, but I mean to sell my life as dearly as possible. I have 32 shots here, and intend to make every one count, as the only way they can reach me is by the ladder, and in will drop them as they come up."

The old man was loath to leave the youth to die like a rat in a hole, but there was no time for parley now. Just as he was about to turn to summons his family to withdraw from the house his daughter rushed up with an old suit of clothes and, threwing them up to Terry, exclaimed:

"Quick, Stockwell, put these on, for the sove of God, and follow us."

The pleadings of the woman were more powerful than the arguments of her father. Throwing off his uniform he donned the citizen's apparel and replaced his heavy riding boots with a pair of slippers the girll had handed him. He followed the family down stairs, and, noticing a trunk in the nallway, dragged it composedly to the front door, where he stood for a moment, gazing out unconcernedly at the impatient mobitine, as the sentry passed the door he walked leisurely dewn the steps after the family to the residence of a leave the solution.

In the men guests, but in selecting the complex the hostess usually asks her women for their beauty, chic totels, or because they happen to be wives of the men she desting they possess as table cornaments—not more than one of the sex in 500 ever being able to meet the requirements laid down for men.

One reason for this ustaining a conversation before an assemblage of people, and the other under the risidence of a surfaint provided in the table in the requirements laid down for men.

One reason for this ustaining a conversation before an assemblage of people, and the other under the trimidity in speaking or sustaining a conversation before an assemblage of people, and the other under the trimidity in sp

out unconcernedly at the impatient mon-then, as the sentry passed the door he walked leisurely down the steps after the family to the residence of a neighbor across the street, the crowd al-the while mistaking him for an attache of the house, and intent only in watching for a man in cavalry boots and a tattered uni-form of Confederate gray. As the provost' a man in cavalry boots and a tattered uniform of Confederate gray. As the provost's orderly rode up with the bermit to search the mansion and the now exasperated crowd rushed in, Terry was mounting a horse in the rear of the other house, and for the second time that day racing for his life, this time to the mountains.

To his hiding place a few days later, his former companions in-arms followed, for the feeling among the Federal soldiers in Lynchburg over the act and subsequent escape of Terry was too pronounced to admit of the sojourn there of any of Mosby's old command with safety. For several weeks they remained concealed, but in communication with friends. Meanwhile Gen. Curtis was appointed provost marshal, relieving the official who held the position when these events occurred, and, at the soloitations of the citizens, he agreed to grant Terry and his companions amnesty and protection if they would return and make personal surrender to hard the prisoner is discharged." Why.

[Wide Awake.]

It was a new dog at the farmhouse, and baby, aged 4 had been told that he must not play with it. On his way to the farm he was reminded of his mamma's injunction that he must not play with the strange dog, and he exclaimed, in a tone which shewed him proudly conscious of his virtue:

"Of course I wouldn't for the world do what mamma tells me not to!" Then, descending suddenly from this unusual beight of morallyty, he added, confident Confederate gray. As the provost's

of mounting neither he nor his men had taken anything but their side arms with them. Terry's quick eye caught on to this I am," said he, laying his revolver across Tam. Said de, laying his fevorest accessions addie.

"Then you are my prisoner!"

"Hold on!" and new the revolver covered the officer's heart. "I am travelling under a safe conduct from Gei. Curtis to surrender myself. Make any effort to arrest me or give any such order to your men, and i will shoot you out of your saddle. Just for the present you are my prisoner, so move along with us and order the men to keep up a respectful distance."

it I say you won't, and now you had best

HER MATE INDEED.

Delia Cross Captains the Oregon and Her Husband Obeys.

"The greatest storm I ever encountered

blowing direct across the bow, and the

Oregon was taking in water by the barrel

pense. If the Oregon break, I set my teeth ive, I thought.

'Clusching the guard rail, I set my teeth clusching the wave came nearer I waited. As the wave came nearer I wave I w

Women as Diners-Out. [Illustrated American.]
Women as diners-out are merely sought

ignorant justice who does business up in Fulton county. This justice was elected

over an able, but very unpopular lawyer,

charged with violating the fishery law

and his first case was that of a prisone

Cross, commander of

the schooner Oregon

who spoke. Capt.

It was an exciting night, I can tell you,'

the same track come into circuit at the distance of one mile and a half or more, according to the strength of the battery, and at once the telephone bells ring. This is a signal for the trains to stop and the engineers may talk with each other on the telephone to discover the trouble, whatever it may be. Two trains were sent out on the Baltimore & Ohio this afternoon with a party, including several gentlemen from Washington and Virginia and correspondents of newspapers in different parts of the country. The tests were made and proved extremely satisfactory. with us and order the men to keep up a respectful distance."

The look of desperation in the eyes of the hunted man convinced the officer that his was no idle threat, and the utter helplessness of himself and his men, with no weapons but their swords, led him to decide that discretion was the better part of valor. So this strange procession of the captive captor and his men wended its way into Lynchburg. Outside the provost's office Terry dismounted, and as he did the other seized the bridle of his horse and again called on him to surrender, but Terry one more drew his revolver, and this time compelled the lieutenant to get off his horse and march before him into Gen. Curtis' presence. BANDIT WHO ROLLS IN WEALTH Lun-Ky's Ambition is to Capture His

Fickle Sweetheart. Lun-Ky, according to the Chicago News, s a desperado who leads a bandit horde in the mountain fastnesses near Dong-trien, in Tonquin. He is hardly more than 20 years of age, is of commanding stature and singuome an object of terror throughout that

It is believed that unrequited love impelled the youth to adopt this lawless life, little harbor, intent on making a pilgrimage to the Mecca, which ensures the happiness and honor of paradise. his attentions to the daughter of one of the

And now comes an interesting sequel to this odd story.

Three or four years ago, a travelling agent ocal magistrates. with an old and rich neighbor, and in a few days Lun-ky disappeared from Dong-trien, and presently blazed into notoriety as the boldest bandit chief in Tonquin. It is, perhaps, the ambition of the misguided youth to acquire so great possessions as to occasion his old and fickle inamorata severe heart burnings. inquired:
"Didn't you bring any baggage?"
"Yes," was the reply. "it's coming on the

heart burnings.

At all events, the riches which Lun-Ky has amassed in two years are said to exceed the bounds of credulity.

Somewhat of a dandy in his tastes, he wears gorgeous silks and feathers, and covers his tosom with a network of gold, his weapons are of the finest quality, and include in their category jewelled scimeters, ebony-stock carbines and ivory-hilted pomiards.

include in their category jewelled scimeters, ebony-stock carbines and ivory-hilted poniards.

Two months ago the brothers Roque and M. Costa, three Frenchmen temporarily residing in Tonquin, were captured by Lunky's band, At the same time a companion, one Sing-Yi, a native tradesman, fell into the hands of the brigands.

As soon as M. Briffaud, the French consul (or 'resident' at Dong-trien), heard of this outrage he applied himself industriously to securing the release of the captives, but the brigands, with whom intercourse was finally opened up demanded and obtained an exorbitant ransom.

It consisted of 100 pieces of silk, 12 watches and \$50,000 in coin. The captives were delivered up, the bandits, to the number of 400, kneeling all the while in a circle, with levelled rifles, ready to fire at the first signal.

Lun-Ky has given it out that as soon as the number of his followers has reached 700 he will swoop cown upon his native village, capture his old sweetheart, and strangle her venerable husband, first, however, cutting off the latter's ears and nose, that be ng a particularly humiliating "But I say you won't, and now you had best sit down immediately and telegraph your neople that you will be detained in Lynchburg a month. Great Scott, sir. It has been the wisi and dream of my life to meet you before I died and make reparation, as far as possible, for a scurvy trick I played on you once; and, remember, while you are here, this house and anything in it is at your disposal." disposal."
The now thoroughly astonished drummer

however, cutting off the latter's ears and nose, that being a particularly humiliating offence in China.

AFTER OPERATING, WHAT? How the Telegraphers Answer the Question.

[New York Sun.] One-third of the telegraph operators of the country are continually preparing them-selves for other professions, while the other two-thirds are continually thinking of doing so. Of the 100 men working on the regular night force in the Western Union main office, at 195 Broadway, 36 of them are either studying or working at something else days. They are divided up as follows: Doctors, 8: lawyers, 6: ministers, 3; brokers, 6; actors, 2; theatrical managers, 2; real estate dealers, 2; inventors, 1; book agents, 1; manufacturers, 1; civil engineers, 1; authors, 1; commercial business, 1; electrical supply agents, 1; composer of

young married wo-man who last week applied to Collector Erhardt for a com-mission, says the Ma-This represents only one office. The offices this represents only one office. The office is the various other companies in this city ave just as large a list in proportion to the sen they employ, while those of other cit es also numbered in what is called the prorine Journal.
I have so trained Cross said, while her fingers were busy mending a tarpaulin hat much the worse for wear. that I make myself heard in the heaviest gale. I was about to tell you of the storm off Cape Hatteras.

"The wind was blowing northeast, and the sea was very high. The first mate, that's my hysband, came aft and said that unless the wind and sea abated and we took in less water we would have to take to the boats.

stors to get into something else as soon as possible. Since then there has been a veritable stampede.

The method of making the change is different from that employed by men in other walks of life. Operators never have fat places thrust upon them. This is because they never come in contact with leaders in the business world. So if they ever expect to get anything better they must reach for it. Most of the operators who desire a change are men of families, consequently they have to move discreetly and do considerable economical juggling. Being with a fer sundown I was again on the sea bound assign to snots so distant from each other for the graves of our first parents. While Everests on the shores of the Red Sea, Adam is popularly supposed to lie burned ander the forest-clad slopes of the present treasurer by his predecessor. It happens that the total ends with a fraction of a cent on account of the exactness with which the calculation of bond interest was carried out. Some one in the party expressed a disbelief in the idea that there or such as a popular of a cent on account of the accurate, as on one occasion one of the graves of our first parents.

While Everests on the shores of the Red Sea, Adam is popularly supposed to lie they amount of cash turned over to the present reasurer by his predecessor. It happens that the total ends with a fraction of a cent on account of the exactness with which the calculation of bond interest was carried out. Some one in the party expressed a disbelief in the idea that there of the should assign to snots so distant from each out in the should assign to snots so distant from each out for the graves of our first parents.

While Everests on the shores of the Red Sea, Adam is popularly supposed to lie they never come in contact with leaders in the forest-clad slopes of the present reasons the present at the provide and the stature of Eve and they said and read from it the amount of cash turned over to the present at the present at the provide and the provide and the stature of E in my tarpaulin coat and hat, when a wave higher than the others was seen approach-ing us. It was a terrible moment of sus-pense. If the Oregon breasts this she may

saw it was larger than any their wave i had ever seen. The water struck the vessel with a terrific crash, and I had only time to murmur. May God save us!"

The Oregon shivered from stem to stern, trembled like a wounded bird and then slowly righted herself. It was a moment of themse excitement for Capt. Cross and The Oregon shivered from seem to seem, trembled like a wounded bird, and then slowly righted herself. It was a moment of intense excitement for Capt. Cross and her gallant crew. The little vessel righted herself, however and the words of Capt. Cross proved true.

The big wave was the tail end of the storm. Soon the wind subsided and the Oregon was safe.

"I ordered the steward to serve up extra grog all around," said Capt. Cross, as shefinished her story, "and we all thanked our stars for our deliverance."

Mate Cross, Capt. Cross' husband, was busily engaged in coiling ropes.
"Does my wife know a shio;" he said, repeating the reporter's question. "Well, I guess she does. I'll match her against any captain in the merchant service." The next thing to be done is to acquire it. But this isn't such an easy matter.

The only thing in their favor is their hours of duty. These are regular. Telegraph offices have three separate forces. The day force reports for duty at 8 a.m., and is off at 5.30 a.m., the regular night force relieves the day force at that hour, the all night force relieves the night force at 1.20 a.m., and is in turn relieved at 8 by the day force again. The regular night force is the most available, and the small The only thing in their favor is their hours of duty. These are regular. Telegraph offices have three separate forces. The day force reports for duty at 8 a.m., and is off at 5.30 s. m. the regular night force relieves the day force at that hour, the all night force relieves the might force at 1.20 a.m., and is in turn relieved at 8 by the day force again. The regular night force is the most available, and the small army of aspirants for greatness in other ranks struggle to get upon it. They are given no extra privileges by the companies, but are subjected to the same stringent rules and regulations that govern the rest of the men. In fact they have a harder time of it than the majority of the operators, because they are ordinarily strictly first-class, and are consequently compelled to do the hardest work.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

[Ella Wheeler Wilcox in New York World.]

She's the jauntest of creatures, she's the daintiest of misses,
With her preity patent leathers or her alligator tics,
With her eyes inviting glances and her lips inviting kisses

She is a captivating dresser, and her parasols are stunning,
Her fads will take your breath away, her hats are dreams of style;
She is not so very bookish, but with repartee and punning
She can set the savants laughing and make even dudelets smile. captain in the merchant service."
And here Mate Cross looked affectionately
at his wife, the commander of the good ship

punning
She can set the savants laughing and make even and in a grove of

the has no attacks of talent, she is not a stagestruck maiden. She is wholly free from hobbies, and she dreams of no "career;" ne is mostly gay and happy, never sad or care-

Though she sometimes sighs a little if a gentleman She's a sturdy little walker and she braves all

kinds of weather,
And when the rain, or fog, or mist drive rival crimps a-wreck. Her fluffyjhair[goes curling like a kinked-up ostrich

feather Around her ears and forehead and the white he is like a fish in water, she can handle reins and racket,
From head to toe and finger-tips she's thoroughly

alive; When she goes promenading in a most distracting jacket
The rustle round her feet suggests how laun-

dresses may thrive.

She can dare the wind and sunshine in the most bravado manner, And after hours of sailing she has merely cheeks

"Of course I wouldn't for the world do what mamma tells me not to!" Then, descending suddenly from this unusual height of morality, he added, confidentially: "And, sides, he snapped at one of the men yesterday." Strangely Enough
the officer to whom this information was given was a lieutenant of the company to which the man whom Terry had shot belonged. He was in his saddle in an instant, and rode away followed by a squad of 10 men. Hearing the sound of horses behind them the three Confederates turned around, and Terry instinctively guessed what was in the air.

They are coming for me, boys." he said to lie connanions, and this time I guess the lig is up. It is folly for you to get into further trouble on my account, so go on and the Baltimore & Ohio has been provided to turnber trouble on my account, so go on and this siznal system by way of experiment. The apparatus consists of an electric waith of you is Stockwell Terry." he demanded, drawing his sabre. In the haste

LEGENDS OF DEAD.

Spot Which Arabs Honor as the Tomb of Eve.

Last Resting Place of Explorer Livingstone's Wife.

Visit to the Distant Grave of Paul and Virginia.

lar ferocity, and has operated so actively during the last two years as to have beyear as the sacred season of the Hediaz comes around, hundreds of thousands of

It was not with any intention of attempting to visit the tomb of Mahomet and to This girl, however, suddenly wedded gaze on the mysterious "Kaaba" that I took My object was to visit the shrine of one venerated by Christian and Ismalite alike—the tomb of Eve, the mother of mankind.

Leaving Suakin just after sundown, when the land breeze had sprung up, in a small dhow with a prodignous sail, I arrived off Jeddah about 9 o'clock the next morning.

As seen from the sea, the town is very imposing. The tall white houses, built entirely of coral rag, are, many of them, several stories high, and adorned with beautiful hanging windows of carved woodwork. The town is entirely surrounded, except on the sea front, by a massive wall from 15 to 20 feet high, through which three gates give egress to the country beyond. At sundown all of these gates are closed, and at all times they are guarded by Turkish soldiers.

The channel by which the harbor is reached is very intricate, as coral reefs crop up in every direction, and are constantly growing. There are, however, plenty of native pilots, always waiting outside to bilot dhows in, and, taking one on board, we were soon safely anchored off the main landing.

As I was obliged to leave Jeddah again

we were soon safely anchored off the main landing.

As I was obliged to leave Jeddah again that night, I lost no time in getting ashore, and after breakfast and a tub, the latter of which was very necessary after a night in a dhow, I set off with one of the British consular's cavasses to visit Eve's grave. This is stuated about a mile and a half outside of the city on the north.

Passing out by the northern gate the land risesgradually to the grave, which is in full view from the time you leave the city wall. The country presents a very sterile appearance, there being but little vegetation. A few date palms are dotted about, and away to the west in the direction of Mecca, groups of stunted acacia trees render the prospect less barren. The approach to the tomb is up a sandy slope, rising about 200 feet above the town.

up a sandy slope, rising about 200 feet above the town.

The grave itself is 160 feet long and five feet wide, and is surrounded by a stone wall four feet high, covered with chunam. In the centre of it rises a small dome-crowned mosque, wherein pilgrims assemble to say their prayers. The mosque is in charge of some dervisites who have plenty to do in keeping it clear of the crowds of beggars who assemble and clamor for backsheesh. Inside the mosque is perfectly plain, except that in the centre is erected an altar. This stands about three feet high, and is covered with curtains. The curtains being drawn aside discloses a black stone let into the floor. This stone is supposed to lie directly over the

Tomb of Eve, and is polished like marble by the kisses of the faithful. It is by no means permitted to every pil-It is by no means permitted to every pilgrim to place his lips on this sacred spot, but by a liberal amount of backsheesh and the presence of the consular cavasses I was permitted the honor, and accordingly the curtain was drawn, and on hands and knees I paid homage to our legendary mother. The stone which is treated with so much honor is a very curious one, evidently meteoric, and is supposed, like the Kaaba of the Mecca, to have been specially sent down from heaven for its present use.

I had a long chat with the chief custodian of the tomb, who told me that the office had been in the family for generations. He said that the most regular visitors to the shrine are the Bedouins, who, in their yearly wanderings through the Arabian desert, rarely fail to visit the tomb. I asked him if there was any legend as to why Eve The stone which is the family for generations. He said that the most regular visitors to the surposed to general, however, until the unveiling of the status of Prof. Morse Central Park, spoke slightingly of the sture of the business, and advised all operiors to get into something else as soon as ossible. Since then there has been aeritable stampede.

fter sundown I was again on the sea bound or the African coast. It is far away from the Red sea to the isle f France and probably no greater contrast of France and probably nogreater contrast in could be imagined than that which exists between the arid shores of Arabia and the tropic luxuriance of Mauritus. Yet just as the tomb of Eve has imbued the desert with

Majestic Ruffia Palms

bard by the little beach stands their grave to this day. The drive from Port Louis to Pampiemousses, where the grave is situated, is a lovely one, and harmonizes well with the romance attached to the spot. Palms of all sorts, including the beautiful talipot (corypha umbraculifera) line the road, and at the time I visited it the beautiful flamboyant was in full bloom and threw its scarlet spikes in every direction across the pathway.

the pathway.

The grave itself is situated a little to the left of the road, about seven miles from Port Louis. It is a simple structure of stone, about three feet high above the ground. No inscription tells who resis beneath, but the inevitable guide is at hand to point it out and demand a "pour boire" for his pains.

point it out and demand a "pour boire" for his pains.

The stones have been sadly mutilated by relic hunting tourists, who have chipped and distigured them in a barbarous manner. A magnificent bougaiuville a spreads its purple mantle overhead, and I collected some of the brilliant petals as a memento of the spot. Clumps of scarlet ponce and a monster passion flower added more beauty to a scene thoroughly in harmony with the memories of the spot.

There has lately been a scheme to put up a more suitable monument to the lovers.

bravado manner,
And after hours of sailing she has merely cheeks of rose,
Old Sol himself seems smitten and at most will only tan her,
Though to everybody else he gives a danger-signal nose.

She's a trife sentimental and she's fond of admiration.

There has lately been a scheme to plut upon a more suitable monument to the lovers, and a considerable sum of money has been collected on the island for that purpose. Whatever form it may take, it is to be hoped that it will be erected on the spot where they mow rest, waich nature would seem to have designed for a poetic strine.

Many people who are well acquainted with the travels and adventures of Dr. Livingstone are unaware that the treachertion,
And she sometimes firts a little in the season's glddy whirl;
But win her if you can, sir, she may prove your life's salvation,
For an angel masquerading oft is she—the summer girl.

With the travels and adventues of the travels and adventues of the travels and the travels and the travels and the travels and adventues of the reacher ous climate of Africa claimed his wife, as well as himself, as its victim, yet such is the case, and while Westminster Abbey holds the bones of the great explorer those of his wife find a quiet resting place by the side of the /ambest.

Passing down this beautiful river on my way from [ake Nyassa to the coast I turned] way from Lake Nyassa to the coast I turned aside at the little village of Thupauga for the purpose of visiting Mrs. Livingstone's

which Mrs. Livingstone was laid, had become entirely obliterated.

Starting from the village with my guides inches in diameter, 1090 cubic feet, and 10 men, we at once plunged into the forest, which is here very dense, and, owing to the thick "lianes" which hung from every tree, difficult of passage. After three-lower full the Guyan river.

Logan. It measured 93 feet in length, 63 readers are thinking or in which they are personally interested. All the scenes described in this story were such as possessed real interest for every reader, lindeed, the same story is published annually, and never fails to excite computation of an hour's hard work, during the Guyan river.

FIGHTING MONSTERS.

which we progressed, at the outside half a mile, we arrived at the foot of a gigantic bacbab tree.

Here, my guide informed me, was the site of the grave, but it took another hour's hard work clearing away the brush before we could reach it. At last, however, my search was rewarded, and the grave brought to light. A wooden cross placed at the head had fallen down, and, wreathed with creepers, lay on the ground.

The grave itself is a simple mound of earth, like so many of those seen in English churchyards, and, considering that it had not been banked up in a score of years, was in fair condition. Considering the heavy tropical rains of the /ambesi valley, it is wonderful that it had not been entirely effaced. Hand - to - Hand Encounter With Sea Covotes.

Sailors Off Cape Hatteras Fiercely Attacked by Long-Armed Demons.

effaced. I had the jungle around the grave carefully cleared away, and put a stout bamboo fence around it and replaced the cross at the head. On my return to the village I arranged with the headman to have the Capt. Gheen Vividly Describes the Details of the Battle.

grass or jungle out periodically.

Some day I hope a more enduring monument may be erected to the daughter of Moffat and wife of Livingstone. Certainly no more appropriate resting-place could be found for her than under the gnarled and twisted branches of the old tree at Thupauga. PHILADELPHIA, July 6 .- Capt. Gheen of the schooner Abby Gheen, now lying at Bulson st. wharf, Camden, saw strange things off Cape Hatteras on his voyage to this port, says the Times. He does not twisted branches of the old tree at Thupauga.

Here amidst the scenes and people she loved and within sound of the waters that will ever be associated with her husband's name, she was laid to rest in the early spring of 1862. Since that time many of her countrymen have passed up and down the Zambesi, and it is to be regretted that none of them ever stopped to repair her grave.

LAWRENCE C. GOODRICH. claim to have seen the sea serpent, but he did see a number of monsters of the deep that put all well-credited sea stories in the shade. The captain is a man whose veracity is not doubted. The captain brought his vessel from Rio de Janeiro, and it was | years ago when 20 miles off Cape Hatteras that he ran into a school of sea monsters such as he had never before seen.

The monsters were sighted by one of the crew. They were nearly a hundred yards ahead of the vessel and were apparently rushing toward her. When first seen by the sailors they thought the ship was running into a floating island, some of which are often seen at sea. They soon changed their minds, however, when they got closer and saw a school of big fish that no one on board could recognize as having seen before. The school opened to let the ship pass, and then at once closed in and followed her. They floated all around her and greatly impeded her progress. floated all around her and greatly impeded her progress.

Although the vessel was going at a speed of seven knots an hour, the monsters followed along in its wake, and several more daring ones seemed to clutch hold of the vessel's side and let themselves be carried along. After they had followed the boat for several hours the crew began to grow uncasy as to their safety, and called upon the captain. who, heretofore, had not been aware of the chase.

other where some other firm's notes are destroyed. It is a case of nip and tuck between these places as to which one is the most powerful attraction, but the truth is that those who go to one place think that they have not completed the rounds until they have seen the other.

It is the old story of the love of gold. If people cannot have lots of money of their own they want to see other folks' money, and there is always a certain sort of attraction about the vast sums that are kept in stock! y the government in the large warehouse on the corner of the avenue and 15th st. People like to let their eyes rest on thousands, or millions, even if their hands cannot touch them. In this light the large sums of money are as much of an attraction as a rare animal at a menagerie; there is something about it that gives it an atmosphere of rarity, and that is always a drawing card, either in money—that is, exhibition money—animals or spring bonnets. captain who, heretofore, had not been aware of the chase.
He sent for his glass, and, going aft, made a survey of the school, which he describes as resembling a low, rocky Island. He said they were larger than the average-sized sharks, being about 10 feet in length and varying from the size of a bucket to a tub in circumference. They seemed

To be Running a Race, and were having a great battle among

ing card, either in money—that is, exhibition money—animals or spring bonnets,
There used to be a large sum of money
done up in a very small package in the
Treasury Department, a milion dollars or
more, it may have been, which the guides
used to show to visitors to the vaults as a
specimen of how much wealth could be put
into a smail space. Folks used to look at it.
handle it carefully, rub their hands over it They had four long arms, on the ends of which were claws that resembled the hands of an ape. These arm-like things extended

which were claws that resembled the hands of an ape. These arm-like things extended from each side of the body. Discovering that they were a new species of fish, he immediately communicated the fact to the first mate, with orders to try and capture some of the strange monsters.

The mate gave orders to the crew, who were more or less frightened, but were waiting the chance to "skeer" the brutes, and when they were told of the captain's orders they nearly jumped out of their shoes. The boat was searched for weapons, and soon the deck was covered with harpoons, boathooks, ish-hoeks, and every other kind of implement used in catching fish.

The boat-hooks were first used in their attempt to catch the fish, but unsuccessfully. The fish seemed to know what was needed of them, and they used their hands" to protect themselves from being caught. Groups of two and three of the monsters would grab the rod of the boathook and pull it away. Eight of these hooks were taken from the sailors. The arms of the fish were about six feet long, said Capt. Gheen.

The sailors became alarmed, thinking that some ill omen had caused the serpents to follow the ship, and they thought they were going to be lost. They told the captain that they thought the ship would never reach port. Some rushed to the forecastle and others to the captain's that of a smail space. Folks used to look at it.

Is handle it carefully, rub their hands over it
in a caressing, loving manner, and then put
it down again with a long sigh that spoke of
regret at parting. Some of them were incredulous as to the sum that was in the
bundle and would show their skepticism
by asking some rather ridiculous questions,
but most of them swallowed the statements
of the guides without a murmur and went
home to tell as a marvellous tale how they
had had a million dellars in their hands all
at once, just think of it!

The stream of visitors to the treasury is
constant. It begins at 10 in the morning,
when the doors are opened to the public,
and it does not ease until after 2, when
they are closed again. It is estimated that
30,000 people went down through the
vaults and other places of interest last
month alone, and this is but a sample of
other months in the year. There is a reguflar route over which the guides, who are
furnished at the office of the treasurer, take
their charges—along the corridor, past the
rooms where the ladies are counting momey,
both new and old, and then the questions
begin.

Everybody wants to know what the wire

never reach port. Some rushed to the forecastle and others to the captain's cabin in their emdeavors to escape from the

the forecastle and others to the captain's cabin in their emdeavors to escape from the supposed "Jonahs."

By this time the fish had become more daring, and would swim alongside the boat and grab the sail tenions and traces. At last the captain became so exasperated at the men that he ordered them to cast the lines which they use in catching drum and sturgeon. This the crew rejuctantly did. The lines were baited with huge pieces of codish and cast over the side. They were handled by the fish the same as they handled the boat-hook. They would grab the line with their "hands," and try to tear them apart, and if one was not successful two or three would come to his aid.

"All the time we were trying to capture one of them." said the captain, "they would keep up a yell that sounded like the bark of a coyote. At last the men were successful. They had, indeed, caught one of the fish, and they becan to haul him in. When the remaining fish saw their captured brother they made great efforts to rescue him. They grabed at him while the men were hauling him up along the side of the boat, and once ertwice one of them succeeded in getting his 'claws' over the fore rail. At last Everybody wants to know what the wire cages are nut up around the counters for; if it is to prevent them from getting away with some of the government's cash or whether it is to ward off a possible raid on the rooms by mobs of burglars. Then the parties, numbering from five to 50, descend into the basements, where the doors of the vaults are to be seen, peering out vaguely from the half lights of the gas flames that dance and flutter at the approach of visitors. visitors.

The mysteriousness of these huge doors, portentous with their charges, impresses the bystanders, and they are silent for a moment, but they soon break forth into questions about the exact amount of money stored years' there, which the guide can tell them to a cent. They get themselves into trouble sometimes, however, by being too accurate, as on one occasion one of the

once or twice one of them succeeded in get ting his 'claws' over the fore rail. At las we had him on deck, and such a hilariou yell as the crew gave out at that happy mo ment, and the scene on the deck is in describable.

"The captured monster

Flounderet All Over the Deck, overnment were being manipulated by the guides.

But the main point of interest is the macerator, which is the name of the great machine that grinds old money into shapeless valueless pulp—the financial orre, as it might be called. It is in the sub basement of the building in a room facing the courtyard on the west side, and any day faom this point can be heard a loud whirring and moaning, as if the monster was gnashing his teeth for more food. Until lately it has been impossible to run this machine during office hours, owing to the fact that the fittings of the belts and other gear that turned it were fastened to the roof of the room, and the revolutions caused the entire building on that side to shake and tremble so that work was almost impossible in any of the offices above it. A force of men has been at work for some days remodelling the machinery in order to avoid the necessity of doing the maceration of the old money after office hours, and this has been accomplished, so that now the giant can do his chewing without making any one at all nervous who is a few feet away. Posts of iron were placed on the ground and on these were put the belt pullies and the shafts, so that everything is now clear of the roof, and all the vibration goes into the ground.

The money that is put into this hungry but his manœuvres were quickly stopped by the use of an axe: we soon cut his head off. In another hour we had caught two more of the huge monsters, but these must have been young ones, as they were a great deal

the huge monsters, but these must have been young ones, as they were a great deal smaller in size than the rest, and probably did not know how to evade the hook."

"This was a strange monster," said Capt. Gheen. "The body was round and about the size of a small barrel, and the back was covered with thick scales, resembling the scales of a drumrish, while the belly resembled the hide of a porpoise. The head was about as large as an ordinary-sized bucket, and was horrifying to gaze upon. The eyes were as large as a dollar and greenish in color. They made my blood run cold when I saw them.

"We all held a consultation and decided to have the fish cooked. One of them was carefully cleaned and cut into huge chunks, and I ordered the cook to prepare it for supper. I thought that they would not be fit to eat and ordered the others thrown overboard, which was done. But they weren't in the water 10 seconds before the others, which were still following as, began a battle over which should have the feast. They grabbed them with their hands, and in the battle a number of others were killed, and in their wild attempt to get 2 meal they chased after one of their dead number, and they were lost from our view in a short time, and we continued our voyage unmolested.

"But to go back to the eating of the fish. Why, when the pot stew was served up no one could tell it from a mess of boiled codifish, and when boiled by itself it tasted like shad."

Capt. Lehman Lake, who for a number of

The money that is put into this hungry

the roof, and all the vibrations goes into the ground.

The money that is put into this hungry thing to be destroyed is that sent back to the trought of the treasury for redemption by inctional banks, after it has do coverment that has become limp and raged, and other forms of the buying power that has seen better days. In short, this is the grave of the cash. It is a huge kettle, closed on ton and on all sides, with a lot of pipes running into it and an amount of gear reaching almost to the ceiling. A large, smooth engine in one end of the small room slides were and to the ceiling. A large, smooth engine in one end of the small room slides were and the shaft of the mecreator and gives to it a spinning motion that is almost dizzying.

The great kettle is about three feet deep and six feet in diameter. The upper half only is to be seen, as the lower part is buried in a square base of bricks that has been built up so that in order to reach the metal and covered by a plate of steel about a foot square perforated by little round holes through which the attendant of the wistor can peer and see the mass of mutilated money flying around at lighting pace in a flood of seething water which has assumed the color of a solled hand, kerchilef, if it is loved down so that the large because of the offices that have access to the machine. The money is put into the kettle every day at 1 o'clock, and again at 2 under the eyes of a committee of three officers, one from the office of the secretary, one from the office of the secretary, one from the office of the secretary of the corrent when the pot is quite good at the time.

It takes about five hours to grind the money quite good at the time.

It takes about five hours to grind the money quite good at the time.

It takes about five hours to grind the money quite good at the time.

It takes about five hours to grind the money quite good at the time.

It takes about five hours to grind the money quite good at the time.

It takes about five hours to grind the money quite good at th

thing like \$7780, including the \$31.25 which we left with him for mentioning my

The kettle will hold a large sum of money, the day's meal for it being an average of about \$300,000 or \$400,000. The cutting is done by a series of large knives that revolve at a high rate, being occasionally reversed in order to throw the money into a different position.

In mane, and so residence. The story was published at the author's expense. Several publishers offered to remark the reverse as in it, but the author chose to pay for the work outright, and declined the offers of the publishers. The end justified his choice. I have mentioned this little incident as an offset to the theory that no writer need expect great fame or great pay at the Enough in One Log to Build a House. The largest single log of poplar ever cut in | ill West Virginia was cut a few days ago in



The Detroit Free Press thinks it has solved the problem of "How to marry on \$12 a week." Its plan is to issue 900 invitations to the wedding, secure 900 presents from 900 victims and sell off about 800 to secure capital to run the house on for the next five

Mrs. Morris of Sheboygan, Wis., has a meerschaum pipe that belonged to a king of Denmark 238 years ago. of Denmark 238 years ago.

A company has been formed to rent out steamer chairs for \$1 a trip across the ocean. The chairs are supplied with little tables designed to hold a plate, tumbler and a bottle. Several thousand of these rented chairs are now in use, and the demand for them is constantly increasing. The idea is that most travellers would rather pay \$1 for the rent of a steamer chair than buy one and be bothered with storing it when they get to Europe.

and be bothered with storing it when they get to Europe.

Precious stones are much more widely distributed than formerly. There are many families who own jewels to the value of half a million, while few wealthy people had even \$100,000 invested in diamonds 10

years ago.

A New York woman who is suing for a divorce because of failure to provide stated that when her eight children were in need of shoes her nusband sent her a basket of flowers and a let of his own poetry. A sea lion was captured in the streets of Sulsam, Cal., recently.

A sea iton was captured in the streets of Suisam, Cal., recently.

The wool clip in the United States for 1889 was 262,000,000 pounds.

Harper's Bazar prints this "composition" on George Washington, the work of 29-year-old boy: "George Washington was the father of his country one day he went to his fathers yard and cut down a tree. What are you doing asked his father i am trying to tell a lie and cannot when he grew up he was president and was killed by a man named getto who was jellish of him and the no 9 engine house was draped in black." A coaple from New York State, who were married Thursday by a Newark, N. J., justice, on being questioned explained that they had simply come to town on business, and while shopping made up their minds to get married. The groom 1857 years old and the bride, who was his housekeeper, is 22 years younger.

years younger.

Hailstones as large as hen's eggs fell in Berryville, Va., a few days ago, and some were as large as a man's fist.

Prof. Bidwell, writing in Nature about lightning, quotes figures showing that in England and Wales, from 1852 to 1880, the average annual death rate from lightning was considerably below one per million of the population.

miles."

A "fossil ferest" has been discovered in Scottand. Thirty or 40 fossil trunks have already been laid bare, most of which are gray frestone. One of the trunks is at least two feet in diameter.

The postal card factory at Shelton, Conn., is at present turning out 2.500,000 cards a day.

One of the features of military drill in the One of the features of military drill in the Russian army is the training of soldiers to swim in battalions, at the same time using their weapons. At the recent annual military manœuvres in the presence of the Czar a fine exhibition of proficiency was given in this direction. A large force of infantry swam across a wide lake in full marching order, with the help of fascines made of reeds and rushes, or of inflated sheepskins. At the same time they kept up a lively fire on the boats of a supposed enemy who were disputing their passage.

Camencita, the famous dancer, can Carmencita, the famous dancer, can neither read nor write.

Adelma Patti speaks English without a foreign accent and converses freely in several other languages. The grave of Major Ogden in the national cemetery at Fort Leavenworth, Kau., is ald to mark the geographical centre of the United States.

Mrs. Henry Mullen, of Middleton Corners, Ohio, has given birth to two pairs of twins

There are 1200 rosebushes on the lawn in front of John F. Wight's house at Cockersville, near Baltimore, and he boasts that they embrace 350 varieties. A wealthy citizen of Kansas City has spent every night for the last two months beside the grave of his wife and son. At about 11 o'cleck every night he goes to the cemetery, and makes his bed on the ground close to the graves of his loved ones.

close to the graves of his loved ones.

A gold nugget worth \$6700 was taken recently from a mime in Arizona.

Dr. Skilkakowsky, a famous physician in Russia, has received what is said to be the largest fee that was ever paid to a doctor in that country. A millionnaire residing in Odessa summoned him speciality to come there to perform some surgical operation. He performed the operation and was in Odessa but five hours, receiving 11,000

rubles, or over \$8000, as a fee for his trouble.

Mrs. Catherine Sharp of Philadelphia is 112 years old and remembers Washington. She is believed to be oldest person living in the United States.

Garibaldi's temb, in Caprera, is to be made a national menument, and the island is to be deveted to the purposes of a home for old sailors. A lightheuse also will be erected there.

The larynx of the great tenor, Gayarre, who died not long ago in Madrid, was re-

The larynx of the great tenor, Gayarre, who died not long ago in Madrid. Was removed after his death, and was found to be of such peculiar formation that it will probably be preserved in some Spanish museum. Gayarre received \$1400 a night in opera, the largest salary ever paid a tenor, and his fortune is estimated at \$800.000. He was the son of a blacksmith, and a common workman when his voice first attracted attention, and he was only 40 years old when he died.

The longest speech on record was made in

when he died.

The longest speech on record was made in the Legislature of British Columbia by a representative named De Cosmos, who to defeat a bill spoke un nterruptedly for 26

representative named De Cosmos, who to defeat a bill spoke un interruptedly for 26 hours.

The largest sheep ranch in the world is in the counties of Webb and Dimnet in Texas. It contains upwards of 400,000 acres and yearly pastures 800,000 sheep.

In 1804 there were 35 translations of the Scriptures in existence; since the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society in that year \$10,000,000 of money have been expended in the work of circulating the Bible, and there are now nearly 300 translations of the Scriptures.

The largest and keaviest building stone ever quarried in England was taken from the Plankington quarry, near Nerwich, in February, 1889; it was in one piece, without crack or flaw, and weighed over 35 tons; it was 15 feet long, 6 feet high and 5 feet wide.

the Plankington quarry, near Nerwich in February, 1839; it was in one piece, without crack or flaw, and weighed over 35 tons; it was 15 feet long, 6 feet high and 5 feet wide. A flowering plant has never been found within the Antarctic circle, but in the Arctic region there are 762 kinds of flowers. Their colors, however, are not so bright or varied as those of warmer regions.

varied as those of warmer regions.

The word "its" only occurs once in the whole of the Bible.

Out in Nevada telegraph poles in low places, where water stands in winter, are said to have taken root and are covered with foliage. The poles are cottonwood and were planted with the bark on them.

and were planted with the bark on them.

To shrink woollen goods: 1. After pulling treat the goods on a perforated table with superheated steam. 2. Pass through a bath of alum of 1.07 spirit grains for half an hour, wring and dry; wash, soap, wash off and dry.

Nine-teaths of the dolls sold in this country are sa d to come from Germany, and the principal seat of manufacture there is Sonneberg, in Thuringen. 2 town of about 10.000 inhabitants. Doll-making is almost the entire industry of the place, it is not remunerative, as the people are very poor, owing to the low wages paid.

The 20th anniversary of a wedding is never celebrated. It is considered very unlucky to do so.

never celebrated. It is considered very unlucky to do so.

There is on exhibition at the melon exchange in Atlanta a melon that will weigh 10 or 12 pounds. It is of the rattlesna e variety, and the queer thing about it is that it grew in a black jack root that completely encircles it and has compressed it around the middle, both ends protribing beyond the ring. It came from Pelham, and is a curious freak.

"The tallest schoolgirl in the world" lives at Riednaun, near Sterzing, in the Tyrol. She is in her 11th year, and is about six feet high.

The British post office, which in 1840 distributed 76,000,000 letters per annum, now it is the state of t

sheets as it does through ordinary tissue Experiments made in Sweden by M. Sandberg on the strength of iron rails during winter have shown that steel rails contain

winter have shown that seem half scanning over 4 per cent. of carbon are apt to break in cold weather. In fact, the result of his investigations point to the use of rails having less carbon than this—say 3 per cent.—in countries as cold in winter as Norway and Sweden.

way and Sweden.

The Pall Mail Gazette says that Prof. Gluck recently performed a remarkable and successful operation. He removed from one of his male patients a diseased knee joint, and inserted an artificial substitute made from ivory. The patient has now left his bed. He walks with perfect ease, and says his ivory knee joint is convenient and comfortable in every way.

A scientific observer declares that the

A scientific observer declares that the house cats of the world carry at least 30 per cent. of the ordinary fatal diseases fron house to house.

An extraordinary feat in telephoning war recently accomplished between St. Peters burg and Boulogne, a distance of 2465 miles. Conversation was kept up, notwith standing a rather high induction. The Russian engineers propose to converse by telephone over a distance of 4665 miles.

telephone over a distance of 4665 miles.

Baron Liebig, the great German chemist, says that as much flour as can he on the point of a table knife contains as much nutritive constituents as eight pints of the best and most nutritious beer made.

A diver who was working at the foundation of a railroad bridge near Boise City, Idaho, gave a signal to be hoisted quickly. When he got to the surface he held fast a 65-pound salmon that he had caught by the gills.

gills.

The new postal cards, which will shortly be printed, are of two sizes—an idea of the postmaster-general's—the bigger ones, which have twice the area of the present postal cards, being intended for business communications that cannot very well be crowded and for other purposes demanding space. Both kinds have in the right-hand upper corner, instead of the representation of a stamp, a small portrait of Gen. Grant.

Mrs. Dr. Spencer of Bourbon, Ind. is 54 Mrs. Dr. Spencer of Bourbon, Ind., is 54 years old and has been 10 times a bride. Some of her husbands died, but she was divorced from the larger number.

A New York Tribune reporter was waiting at Broadway and 26th st. for a belated car, and two handsome women paused near him. "Mary," said the tall one, "I am going down to 23d st. to see if my hair is done. I really must wear it this evening."

done. I really must wear it this evening."

One of the curiosities found by the census enumerators in Madison county, Georgia, is a boy 9 years old who has never been given a name by his parents.

The pope has authorized the drawing for his own sarcophagus for the church of St. Giovanni, to be erected three years after his death. It will be of Italian porphyry and cost \$25,000.

The small letter "i" was formarly written.

cost \$25,000.

The small letter "i" was formerly written without the dot over it. The dot was introduced in the 14th century to dis inguish "i" from "e" in hasty and indistinct writing. The letter "i" was originally used where "j" is now employed—the distinction between the two having been introduced by Dutch writers in comparatively modern times.

The late Princess of Thurn-and-Taxis, sister of the Empress of Austria, was a few years ago regarded as the handsomest and most intellectual women in Europe. She was once engaged to Emperor Francis Joseph herself, but he jilted her to marry her 16-year-old sister.

Lord Aberdeen created a great deal of excitement in London recently driving up to the door of his club in a milk wagon. He had been unable to obtain a carriage, and rather than walk he had chartered that modest vehicle.

A German pamed Lilienthal, after expert.

A German named Lilienthal, after experi-A German named Linendral, after experimenting for 23 years with artificial wings.

has succeeded in raising himself, weighing 160 pounds, with the aid of a counter weight lifting 80 pounds. How to raise the other 80 pounds is still beyond him.

Queen Victoria is a believer in late din-ners. She sits down to that meal at 9 o'clock every evening. She retires at 11 o'clock.

Mrs. Delia Cross of Brooklyn is now Mrs. Capt. Cross. of the schooler Oregon, though she was compelled to affix a cross to the papers in place of her name. This is said to be the first case in which a woman has become owner and master of a seasciong vessel.

Mrs. Henry Mullen, of Middleton Corners, Ohio. has given birth to two pairs of twins within a year.

Miss Grace Gridley of Ambey, Ill., has been sleeping peacefully since the 15th of last March.

Miss Grace Gridley of Ambey, Ill., has been sleeping peacefully since the 15th of last March.

According to recent figures the people of this country are longer lived than those of

According to recent figures the people of this country are longer lived than those of Europe. In this country 18 persons out of every 1000 die each year, in England the average is 20 and in Germany 26.

The most densely populated square mile in the world is in the city of New York. It is innabited by 270,000 people, the larger part of whom are Italians, who speak only their native language.

Prof. Totten of Yale has actually discovered the date of Joshua's long day. By a series of calculations he proves to satisfaction that the juncture of the sun and moon which marked Joshua's long day took place at 11.13 a.m. exactly 3435 full lunar years ago, or, in other words, in the 365th Sabbatic year.

The late J. J. McElhone, stenographer of

The late J. J. McElhone, stenographer of he national House of Representatives nould report equally well with either hand, and in taking a long speech in the House he would frequently shift the pencil from one hand to the other without interrupting his

It is estimated that the regular insurance companies of the United States will dis-burse during 1830 the sum of \$83,000,000 in death, endowment and dividend claims. It is an average of \$1000 for every minute

in the year.

Mrs. H. G. Abrams of Franklin, Ga.. has a monstrosity in the shape of a chicken. A peculiarly shaped egg did not hatch, and was broken. It contained a chicken with four well-formed legs and three wings.

Beef loses 25 per cent. of its weight when baked

Beef loses 25 per cent. of its weight whea baked.

A weak galvanic current, which will sometimes cure a toothache, may be generated by placing a silver coin on one side of the gum and a piece of zinc on the other. Rinsing the mouth with acidulated water will increase the effect.

Coffee is brewed by electricity in a Berlin cafe. In the centre of the room are several large glass jars, through which passes a platinum wire in spiral form. The electricity, on heating the wire, speedily raises the temperature of the water in the jars to the boiling point, and prepares the coffee in the sight of everybody. Lastly, a small electric railway transmits the coffee to the various tables, so that the guests may help themselves to their liking.

Last year France herself produced only 23,000,000 hectolitres of wine and she alone consumed 45,000,000 hectolitres. As to how the necessary amount for exportation is made the foreigner can censole himself with the fact that he is more ant to certified.

is made the foreigner can console himself with the fact that he is more apt to get good wine than the Frenchman, the genuine article standing exportation much better than adulterations.

#### NEW RATES TO AGENTS.

No matter what your occupation is, you can make money in spare moments by getting subscribers to The Weekly Globe. It gives the largest commission ever paid en & dollar weekly. Send for new rates.

The Function of the Prince of Wales. [Justin McCarthy in July North American Review.]
The function of the late prince consort was once described as that of unofficial minister of education. The function of the Prince of Wales, as he and society between them have made it out, is that of unofficial minister of ceremonial. No one could be fitter for the work or could perform it with better grace and greater goodwill. Nor is it in a country like England by any means an unimportant function. The Queen has practically withdrawn from the business of social life, and the prince has taken her place. If he were not there to do the social duties, the absence of the sovereign would be highly inconvenient and would lead to much dissatisfaction.
The Prince of Wales, however, has made

The Prince of Wales, however, has made himself thoroughly popular, and the princess is the most popular woman in England. The work which the Prince of Wales does in this social way is something amazing. He is always presiding at the opening of exhibitions and all manner of charitable, philanthropic and educational institutions. He is always taking the chair at meetings; he goes down to the country to preside over ceremonies of every kind. He attends civic feasts and state balls. All the time he contrives to get a good deal of personal enfeet high.

The British post office, which in 1840 distributes 1.600.000.000 exclusive of post-cards, newspapers, etc. In London alone the number of letters posted and delivered annually is \$50,000.000.

The undia-rubber tree grows wild in Lee county, Fla., and in Fort Myers it is used as a shade and ornamental tree.

A magpie that has just died in Meriden, Conn., could call all the members of its owner's family by name and was quite a fluent conversationalist.

The "living" portion of the White House is quite small, consisting only of five bedrooms on the second floor and the dining-room and one other room on the first floor.

There is a family in France named B. one in Belgium named O, a river in Holland called T, a village in Sweden named A. while the most valued bird in the Sandwich Islands is the 0-0.

The custom of lifting the hat had its origin when it was customary for kinding armor: it became the custom, however, for a kinght, upon entering an assembly of friends, to remeve his helmet, signifying. "I am safe in the presence of my friends."

Sheet iron is volled so thin at the Pittsburg iron mills that 12,000 sheets are required to make a single inch in thickness, Light shines as readily through one of these-



More recipes for good home cooking are presented today, and still they come from the generous housekeepers. The suggestion of THE WREELY GLOBE that mothers could help one another by send-

splendid:

Hampton Falls, N. H., July 1.

Flavor with nutmeg or lemon.
I use the yolks for frosting.

Everett, June 30.

Snowball Cake.

Lemon Pie.

legg, 1 cup of sugar, the juice of 1 lemon, 2 teaspoons of cornstarch dissolved in 1 cup of boil-

ing water; mix the starch with a little cold water first; then turn the boiling water over it. W. M. H.

I am pleased to contribute this:

ing in hints on the care of babies in the summer time, supplied from their own experience, has been heartily welcomed all over New England,

Pies, Cakes, Puddings.

I thought I would send you a few recipes: LEMON PIE.—2 lemons, 2 cups of sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup of milk, 3 teaspoonfuls of corn starch; bake between two crusts.

Chocolate Cake.—I oup of sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of butter, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of soda, 1 teaspoonful cream tartar, 2 cups of flour. The cream is made thus: 1/3 cake of chocolate, 1/4 cup of milk, yolk of 1 egg, sugar to taste; boil until

stiff; when cold spread over the cake. SUMMER MINCE PIES.—I cap of sugar, 1 cup of molasses, ½ cup of vinegar, 1 heaping cup of raisins (stoned and chopped fine); 5 small cracknded fine and covered with hot water; salt

and spice to tasts.

CITRON CAKE.—I cup of butter, 2 cups of sugar, 3 ergs, beaten light, 1 cup of milk, teaspoonful of cream of tartar, 4½ cups of four, 1 small nutmeg, 4 cunces of citron sliced thin.

CABBAGE SALAD.—1½ pint of vinegar, hot, but

not boiling; stir 2 beaten eggs, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon or sait, piece of butter size of an egg. beaten all together; also 2 tablespoons of flour, mixed with ½ cup of milk, and stir into the hot rinegar when it commences to thicken.

Take from the fire and put in a small tablespoonful of mustard, first mixing the mustard with a little

water; use about 1 quart of cabbage chopped fine; sitr the cabbage into the mixture on the stove, and cook a little, without the mustard. Better to eat a day or two after making.

Very nice with meat.

Tumbler Fruit Care.-1 tumbler of butter, 1 TUMBLER FRUIT CARE.—1 tumbler of butter, 1 tumbler of sugar, 1 tumbler of molasses, 1 tumbler of eggs, 1 pound of raisms, 1 pound of currants, ½ pound of citron, ½ teaspoonful of soda, 1 teaspoonful of all kinds of spice and sait.

GINGERBREAD PUDDING.—1 cup of molasses, 1 cup of sour milk, 1 or 2 eggs, teaspoonful soda, little ginger; mix not quite as stiff as gingerbread.

Steam 2 hours.

Steam Z DOURS.

CREAN CAKES.—1/2 cup butter, 1 cup cold water belied together, add 1 cup flour, simmer a short time; when partly cool add 3 eggs, 1 at a time, withont beating; drop on a pan a desertspoonful.

Bake thoroughly in a very hot oven, when cool fill with cream made as follows:

2 cups milk. 34 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 small tablespoonfuls of flour. Flavor with lemon. BERRY PUDDING.—I cup molasses. I cup milk, I passed along in front, the young man register, teaspoonful cream tartar, I teaspoonful soda; flour to make a stiff batter, and berries.

Steam 1 to not 2 hours.

Steam 11/2 or 2 hours.

Steam 1½ or 2 hours.
FRUIT CAKE.—I cup of sugar, I cup of molasees, I cup of butter, I cup of sweet milk, 4 eggs, 4 cups of flour. I nutmeg. I pound of chopped raisins, ½ pound of currants, ½ pound of cirron, I teaspoonful of cream of tartar, ½ teaspoonful of soda.

COOKIES.—½ cup of butter, I cup of sugar, ½ cup of sour milk, I egg, ½ teaspoonful of soda, four enough to roll. flour enough to roll

1/2 cup of butter. 2 tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, 2 cups of flour, 1/2 cup of currants, 1 teaspoonful of eam of tartar, 1/2 teaspoonful of soda. M. S. B.

Choice Summer Ioes.

I can recommend them to the readers of THE GLOBE. Get your wives, mothers or sisters to try them.

Strawberrer.—Put in a vessel ½ a pound of powdered sugar with 6 egg yolks, then mix well-picked and clean strawberries. Mr. well with the spatula, sitr gends of them spatula, sitr gends of them is the spatula, sitr gends of t

1 pint of flour before sifted, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 large spoonful butter, 2 eggs, 1 pint blue-berries, 1 teaspoonful saleratus, 2 teaspoonfuls

platters were made by cutting off the head of four or other barrels, leaving about four inches of the staves. Each negro was given a wooden spoon, which all on board had amused themselves in making during our 40-day trip. Barrel staves were sawed into lengths of eight inches, split into other pieces one and a half inch wide, and then shaped into a spoon with our pocket knives. It was surprising what good spoons could be made in that manner. A piece of rope yarn tied to a spoon and hung around the neck was the way in which every individual retained his property. There not eggs; stir the milk with them; then the flour with the saleratus and cream of tartar thoroughly mixed; turn into shallow pans about an inch deep; bake in a quick oven; to be eaten warm, Tamworth, N. H., July 1. Mrs. L. B. Jackson.

Sour Milk Cheese. I like this and others will:

Take thick sour milk, put in kettle or tin pan; add salt enough to make it taste quite salty; set on back of stove until it grows thick (some milk is too poor After it is thick add a little butter and strain thoroughly, and mold; cups are nice. MRS. A. M. PARKER. Boston, June 29.

Some Dainty Dishes. I have tried these and found them satis-

DOLLY VARDEN CAKE,-1 cup of sugar. 1/2 cup of butter, whites of 3 eggs, ½ cup of milk, 2 cups of flour, 1 teaspoon of cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon of

Frosting .- Beat the yolks of 3 eggs with 15 teaspoous of sugar; put on cake while hot.

Washington Pig.-1 cup of sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons of soft butter, 4 tablespoons of milk, 1 hair.

Man Told to Keep Himself in Check.

"Bear and Ferbear" a Mette for Every Heme.

Average Man Said to be a Failure-Heat Demoralizing.

New York, July 5. -Fretful days are on In these long, hot, sunny days, when Gen-

eral Humidity marshals his forces, corrals the human family and sweeps down upon them with resistless might, and when the nights, even longer and often more unbearable than the superheated days, add their torture to the race, there comes before the eye of the philosopher words of silver, in flame of gold. "Bear and Forbear."

This applies not alone to mothers and children, not alone to master and servant, not alone to employer and employed, but to each and everyone of us as he goes along the highway of endeavor, staggering beneath the burden of necessity day after day, the load increasing week after week, the burden growing more distasteful.

Mankind taken by and large are not fret-ful, peevish, captious, critical. If they were there would be no such thing as peace. Everlasting criticism, who can bear it? Never ending fault-finding, who that doesn't make haste to flee from it?

I can show you men whose very presence paralyzes industry, whose coming is a sig nal for discontent, whose first words are invariably a censure, and whose very bearing is a continuity of critical observance from start to finish, from first to last.

Women! There are good women, admiracup of flour, I teaspoonful of cream of tartar, 1/3 ble house wives, so far as industry goes. PRUNE WHIP .- Sweeten and stew % of a pound whose servants are in a perpetual turmoil, whose home is a hell, whose children are deceivers from their birth, and whose friends literally say among themselves."We must be cautions when we speak, we must be careful of what we say, lest a torridic storm is started and peace and comfort are swept into the gutter of turmoil." This was in THE GLOBE years ago. It is

MRs. J. A. D.

There are editors who cannot control themselves, and therefore are unable to Spiendia:

1 cup of sugar, ½ cup of butter, ½ cup of milk,
2 cups of flour, whites of 3 eggs, ½ teaspoonful of
soda, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar sitted with the
flour; beat butter and sngar together; add whites of
eggs, beaten to a foam; flour, milk and soda last. discipline others. Yelling and shouting and screaming and swearing mever Accomplished Anything Yet.

The perfectly poised man is the one who succeeds. Many have an idea that human nature is like a kettle, and that the best way to avoid disastrous explosion is to keep the lid off and let the steam escape. That loes very well for a kettle, but it is a bad habit for a man. He should keep his lid on, he should be

self-contained, he should hold his tongue, he should keep himself in check; then is he fitted to command, then his words of censure carry with them a weight which

bear that a man or a woman is, with a coward's quiescence, to accept insults and

boats were recasled, and the entire fleet of slopes soon sailed toward us. Our boats were holsted and lines thrown to the slopes for this is an ios that is nice:

This is an ios that is nice:

This is an ios that is nice:

Pixa-Py-Le-Out a small, ripe pineappla-in two.

Wearly all of the pineapple-are fine for this purpose, excepting the Porto Rico pines. Pare and peel one half neatly, then cut it into small pieces. Place these pieces in the morrar and pound them thoroughly to a pulp. Ten minutes will suffice for this. Add 'ap pound of powdered sugar and provided and mix well with a spatial for 2 minutes. Stram through a fine sieve into the freeze.

Milford, June 50.

A Real Luxury.

I take pleasure in vouching for this:

Chearst.—Procure I pound of sound, solid, sort eherries. Put them in a vessel, after picking off the same are you would be cream.

Mix well with a spatial for 5 minutes; then add quared fool where the pine of 3 for lemons.

Mix well with a spatial for 5 minutes; then add quared fool where the pine of 3 fine lemons.

Mix well with a spatial for 5 minutes; then add quared fool where the pine of 3 fine lemons.

Mix well with a spatial for 5 minutes; then add quared fool where the pine of 3 fine lemons.

Mix well with a spating of the christ of the pine of the minutes for simulates longer, and strain through a fine sieve into the ice-cream freeze, pressing the cherice down with a wooden spoon. Freeze and serve exactly the same as you would be cream.

ELLA.

Springsteld, Jane 24.

This snever fails to please:

1 pint of four before sifted, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup like it has possible and the pine of the nature for simulate longer, and strain through a fine sieve into the ice-cream freeze, pressing the cherice down with a wooden spoon. Freeze and serve exactly the same as you would be cream.

ELLA.

Springsteld, Jane 24.

This snever fails to please:

1 pint of four before sifted, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup like it is provided to the pine of 

"How is she your sister? By marriage?"
"N-no," stammered Chappie. "Quite the r-reverse you know. E-by a re-refusal of m-m-marriage."

[New York Sun.]

know your ears, and you instantly—le know you-begin to talk about the desirability of finding your wife ready for dinner, and the wisdom of keeping complaints and all that sort of thing until a fellow

Mrs. X.—Men are such curious creatures.

I never know how to take them.

Mrs. Y.—You want to the track of demands on the track of t

for, you obtain a new excitement and a new hopes, ambitions, aspirations, troubles, emsensation. OUEER HORSE CAR LINE. But on the other hand

There is the duty of the wife. The man somebody must go down if the fighting is has been down town, or up town, or wherever he goes since early morning. He may have been successful, and if so he is excitable. He may have been unsuccessful, and if so he is disheartened. He comes home tired, he needs rest, above all he needs cheery welcome, and he needs a good

Now, if your circumstances are such as to permit it, isn't it pleasanter for him to find you in order, dressed for dinner, pleasant faced, happy faced, if possible, glad to see him, and apparently more thoughtful of his weariness than of your own embarrass-

pantry and wastefulness everywhere until and satisfying effects.

bothered she is embarrassed, she is harassed him,"

How Much Better

it is? In other words it is to bear and forooth intelligently resolve to bear and for piece of work that can upset that train or its road to the mansion of happiness.

Because the babies and the little children annot be expected to understand the phiosophy of this great motto, bear and for-

It is a very easy thing for partners in bus ness, each understanding the other's infirmities, as well as appreciating the other's money, a question of reputation, a question of public ongoing along the highway of prosperity, and because a mutual friend can take the two men by the hand, and say: gether; follow Brother Dana's advice to the native Americans. From 1880 to 1888, both Democrats, get together; understand each inclusive, the army received 60,435 reother, bear and forbear, or you will never

hear the preacher say.

A woman, be she mother or nurse, who deserting. the care of children, is

Fault.

BASE BALL RECORD.

The Batting and Fielding of the Players' Driver Acts as Mail Carrier and Amuses League and the National League to the Close of July 5.

Following is the standing of the National and Players' league clubs up to and includ-

Players' League Standing. Games lost... |24 |24 |31 |32 |29 |30 |32 |37 | |

National League Standing.

#### THE REGULAR ARMY.

Henry Loomis Nelson in Harper's Weekly.]

The United States soldiers come from all countries, but about two-thirds of them are cruits, Of these 55,805 were white, 4630 succeed." But with mothers and nurses it were colored, 37,691 were natives and 22,-744 were foreigners. It is the experience of "A mother has a great chance in life." I intelligent officers who have served much ear the preacher say. There is committed to her tender care, as an object of continuous solicitation, an immilitary capacity, certain general proposinortal soul in a human body.

It is her proud privilege to mould the likely to be insubordinate. He has

barrass, we hetchel, and when remonstrated with we say "I can't help it.

"It is my nature. I am quick-tempered and everybody knows it."

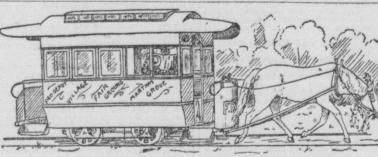
Well, Well, Well.

But why should everybody stand it? Why should everybody stan

From Oliver Ditson Company; Piano— "Soldier's Farewell," "Wandering Brook-let," Julian Becht; "Baybreak," four hands,

which he played a leading part. Another one will tell you some of the historic tales of the civil war and of garrison life on the Western frontier. He will expatiate on the merits of "Dick." and ask if he looks like the much-abused horse that the society with the long name would try to convince you he was: for this is one of the ways in which the watchful guardians of other people's business ply their trade—for on a certain occasion, after a little help up a grade, this Dick easily drew the car with 40 base ball players and spectators, which act called out a lengthy epistle from the deluded secretary of the society aforesa d, but, the horse being viewed by the agent, all idea of overwork vanished in a moment. Another driver, by his beaming face and courteous mangers, secures many patrons and is ready to entertain any occapant of the car till she feels that the small fee is scant pay for the many benefits received for the ride.

Will Even Wait for You to Go Back for Your Gleves.



tion of the inhabitants is bottoming chairs to it and see for yourself, and you will see and filling bads, and indulging in as much just as others see and will enjoy the ride and filling beds, and indulging in as much of the slumbers of the aforesald Rip as is upon the only street car in the county. ossible and still keep a healthy appetite. In one respect, however, it shows a re

markable degree of enterprise, though barely 600 people leave their homes of a unday morning to attend divine worship. It boasts a line of street cars. This form of conveyance was established mainly for the benefit of the Maine Chan-

tauqua Union, which holds its annual assembly in the town. The camp ground is three miles from the railroad station, and a Enlistments in the Army—How Long steam cars to change to the open horse car and roll along the level road, lulled to rest by the undulations of the car that for grace would rival the walk of a hours, while the silvery birches sweep against the side of the car with a rustle and the pine needles drop on the horses' back, and the child by the roadside stares at you with eyes rivalled in

which puts to shame the average city carit conveys, since a tiny stove deludes those same purpose in some parts of England. inside the car into a belief that it is summer bashful about displaying the long-necked tongues better hung than others, while charms of the mercury.

ing water mot the statch with a little odd water.

Chicago, N. M. S. Law SHIP.

Any Other First—Stowing and Branding Slaves—Getting
A way Other First—Stowing and Branding Slaves—Getting
A paper on the Store Slaves of Stowers of St

Now, I don't mean when I say bear or for both that a man or a woman is, with a codard quiescence, to accept insults and indignities, but I do mean that it is folly from one's own points of selfish view to be quick to take offence.

And particularly so between man and while some and scream, but Mary must be cardled and wile.

And particularly so between man and swife.

And particularly so between man and both and the same that a man who is 25 before he marries knows a little something of the nature of the woman whom he respects sufficiently to ask to be his life companion, and if he doesn't be certainly owes it to himself as well as to her to make it an early study of her mental, moral and physical to the bearing of what at best is a burden in force or see and sores of years.

Now, I don't mean when I say bear or for bear that a man or a woman is, with a codard that is of the decidity personned.

Master Tom may kick, and little Alice may be come, and sit on the wet pavement and indignities, but I do mean that it is folly from one own, point of selfish view to be come, and as cream, but Mary must be gentle, and the come and scream, but Mary must be gentle, and the come and scream, but Mary must be carded of several proportion of the solider.

It is fair to assume that a man who is 25 before he marries knows a little something of the neutre of the woman who have responsed to the certain of what at the sit as burden in the original particularly to ask to be his life companion, and if he doesn't he certainly owes it an early study of her mental, moral and physical to the bearing of what at best is a burden in force or several proportion of the solider.

Now, Don't Take Me Up of the mental proportion of the solider of the solider.

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Now the continual presence in the ranks of the won't

den stampede from the rear platform and end of a car to avoid injury in a seemingly imminent collision with the car following where the driver was attempting to engage

That is the question. You can make some money-more than you have any idea of-by getting subscribers to The Weekly Globe. It gives the largest commission ever paid on a

In Ireland a belt made of woman's hair is placed about a child to keep harm away. the cradle of a new-born babe in Holland, Roumanian mothers tie red ribbons around the ankles of their children to preserve size only by its open mouth.

The rolling stock of the road consists of attach bits of assafetida to the neck of their

knife in the cradle to ensure the safety of no frozen feet or fingers for the passengers their children: the knife is used for the inside the car into a belief that it is summer Among the Vosges, peasant children born time, even if the thermometer outside is at a new moon are supposed to have their

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of the watch it does not regulate or keep time, or is found out of order in any way, it is to be re-turned to the Manhattan Watch Company, No. 234 Broadway, and it will either be put in perfect condition or a new one sent, FREE OF ALL CHARGE. This guarantee is good for one year, during which the company agrees to keep the watch in perfect running order free of all charge. The silver case has a direct instead of a ratchet stem-wind, and snap-back instead of a screw back. The guarantee is the same for both, for

Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Y.-You want to take 'em by the

around the neck was the way in which every individual retained his property. There not being room on deck for the entire cargo to feed at one time, platters were sent between decks so that all ate at one hour, three times daily. Casks of water were placed in convenient places, and an abundant supply furnished day and night.

The Way of It.

(New York Sun.)
"How is she your sister? By marriage?"

The Right Way.

HOWARD'S LETTER

It is unquestionably true that a woman is an infernal foo! who ram-jams at the one man whom she loves above all the earth a lot of petty fiddle-faddle concerning dis-turbances in the kitchen, impertinences in the laundry, inexcusable laziness in the that wonderful factor dinner has entered into the problem with its calming, soothing

Now, don't you see, if the man says to him self, "My little girl's in trouble, she is and I will be patient and thoughtful and good-natured," and if the woman says, Well, he has had a hard time today. I know. It has been frightfully hot; he is worried; he will come home tired and vexed, and erhaps disappointed, and I will think of

bear on both sides of the line, and as many hands make easy work, and as in union there is strength, so when two conclude to live together until death parts them, and bear, it is going to be a mighty crooked

Mothers and nurses have a hard time. Why harder than anybody else?

excellences, to bear and forbear, because it is a question of success, a question of success, a question of

is different. mortal soul in a human body.

character of this child made in the image the habit of pretending to have of the great Creator, and she may share, to fallen from a superior station. If

arms, mental and moral as well as physical, Therefore, when there is no necessity for a It is Accommodating to a combat, but when all are working to a com-mon end, namely the pursuit of happiness in this life, it seems to me there can be no more significant legend upon the universal banner than this with which we start and with which we finish, "bear and forbear."

Judgment!

the Passengers,

the Passengers,

The conductors, too, are unique in their way, and their familiarity with all persons and places furnishes much amusement to the passengers, and when the conductor tells the driver to "Ring 'em up at Hannahs," the merriment of those destined to that place is exceeding great.

Now, if you don't believe this, study your map of Maine and find this village and go Maine, which, like many New England towns, indulges itself in a Rip Van Winkle

DROP A NICKEL IN THE SLOT; THE HORSE WILL DO THE REST.

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THE WEEKLY GLOBB.

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